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BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE

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VENEZIA—L'INDUSTRIA (P. VERONESE) PALAZ DUC.

The Nemesis of Americans

Dyspepsia, the Relentless Pursuer of Millions of People, and the Bane of Their Existence

The ancient Greeks had, among numerous pagan deities, a goddess whose mission in the world, according to Grecian mythology, was to avenge wrongs, to punish transgressions of the law, human and natural, and to pursue relentlessly all evildoers, granting them neither rest nor peace. This fabled goddess of punishment and vengeance was called Nemesis, and whenever a person suffered a series of misfortunes, after committing some wrong, it was said that Nemesis was pursuing him.

Indigestion or Dyspepsia may be rightly called the Nemesis of the American people, as nearly every one has it, and once acquired it pursues its victims unmercifully, never allowing them any rest, peace or comfort for a moment, until life becomes a positive burden. This complaint usually results from a violation of natural laws in recklessly abusing the stomach by the excessive use of rich viands, pastry, condiments, coffee, tea, alcohol, and other things which tend to disturb and upset digestion, and which lead finally to a chronic dyspepsia with all its disagreeable symptoms. Nature's punishment for wilful infraction of her laws.

It is a true saying that "you may lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink," and it is also a relatively easy matter to ingest all sorts of indigestible food into an unresisting stomach, but to digest, absorb and assimilate that food depends altogether upon the strength of the stomach, the

amount of digestive juices it furnishes, and upon an unimpaired quality of those juices.

STUART'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS is the best remedy in all conditions of impaired digestive ability, and whenever the stomach, through weakness and overwork, requires a digestive aid, to assist it in performing its functions properly and efficiently. These tablets are composed of a combination of powerful digestive agents, in proper proportion, and they have been found to obtain, by far, the best results of any dyspepsia preparation offered to the public.

They not only possess wonderful digestive powers themselves, but they also stimulate, tone up and activate the natural digestive secretions of the stomach, and these two irresistible forces, acting together, soon rid one of every symptom of indigestion and dyspepsia.

No one can be stronger than his stomach. If this organ is out of order, the entire system is sure to suffer. It behooves one, then, to see to it that the stomach is performing its functions properly, in digesting all the food, and for this purpose there is no remedy equal to Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Purchase a package from your druggist for 50 cents at once, and rid yourself of the pursuing Nemesis of dyspepsia. Send us your name and address and a free sample will be forwarded to you. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 150 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.



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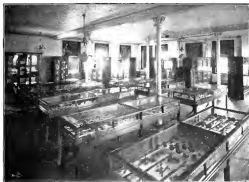


GEORGE W. PERKINS
A DIRECTOR OF MANY COMPANIES AND AN INVENTOR OF A SOAP-MAKING
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No 3



THE COUNTERFEITS ON DISPLAY
A PARTIAL VIEW OF ONE ROOM IN THE MUSEUM, SHOWING THE LINES CONTAINING COUNTERFEITS
OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Counterfeiting Canadian Fruits

By

U. JEAN WYNN

AMONG the many attractions for the visitor and tourist at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Ontario, the famous collection of wax fruits and vegetables stands unique.

It was while visiting the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, that Prof. H. L. Hunt first saw specimens of Mrs. Potter's wax fruits. Observing the excellency of the work, and seeing the great possibilities for the use of

such models, he decided to secure a collection for the Department of Horticulture, at the O.A.C., although at this time "wax work" had long served its time as fashionable "fancy work," and few people could see far enough in the future to anticipate the great attraction which a large collection of such models would be in a college museum, and their invaluable uses for teaching purposes, when the natural fruits are not available.

After some years, Prof. Hunt succeeded in getting the artist, Mrs. Stanley Potter, to come to the College and begin work on the collection, in a nicely equipped studio in one of the college buildings.

As time passed, and the artist kept gradually filling case after case in the museums, her work demanded and received appreciation; and now President G. C. Creelman takes pleasure in stating to visitors that the museums at the O.A.C. contain the largest collection of wax models of any agricultural college in the world.

The O.A.C. museums contain over a dozen large glass cases which display some thousands of specimens, ranging in size from large watermelons and Hubbard squashes to currants, huckleberries and wintergreens. There are several hundreds of varieties of apples, classified according to their seasons, qualities and habitat. The apples vary in kind from the

rough-coated Russets to the smooth-skinned Snows; and from the daintily bloomed Duchess to the heavy purple-bloomed McIntosh Red; and in size from the little pink Blushing Highland Beauty and the red-checked Lady to the Wolf River, the largest of Canadian apples, measuring some sixteen inches in circumference.

In no work is the wax model more valuable than in illustrating the results of plant breeding; as, for example, in the crossing of the Northern Spy and Golden Russet. In this instance five-specimens of the progeny are ranged along with the parent varieties, the variations being shown in a very interesting manner.

Several boxes of models demonstrate the different packs of apples used for exhibition and commercial purposes. The case of plums shows the various types of American, Japanese and European varieties; and the blushing downy-checked

peaches often call forth the remark from visitors that they make their "month water." It is a common occurrence for young children to cry for the fruits while being taken through the museum by their parents. The pears look luscious and mellow, and the small fruits are represented by models of the various kinds of berries and vine products. The display of tropical fruits illustrates different varieties of lemons, oranges, bananas,

COUNTERFEITING CANADIAN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

limes, pomegranates, kumquats, etc., as well as the custard apple, pineapple and many others.

Many and varied are the inquiries made as to how the fruits are preserved; for instance, if they are put in air-tight cases while fresh; and upon hearing that they are wax, people almost invariably ask if they are the natural fruits waxed over.

The models showing disease of fruits are used very largely in class work by the Department of Plant Pathology. Many amusing anecdotes are told by those in charge of the museum as to the way these models impress some people. One might be worthy of mention, and I will give it in the words of the person whom I have heard narrate it. "One day while working in the museum a party of young people came in, and after looking around for a few minutes they came over to me and one of the girls said, 'Where did all this fruit come from this time of year? Was it sent from the south?' I answered, 'No, we have had it for some time.' 'But,' the incredulous young lady queried, 'how is it preserved for such a length of time, it all looks so fresh?' 'We make it here. It is all wax,' I replied. She gave a look of scorn, and turning to her companions said, 'Isn't she smart? She thinks we are green.' They turned away, talking to one another and casting indignant backward glances at me. In a few moments they all came hurrying back with triumphant smiles and looks, intending to make me tell the truth, as they supposed. The same young woman said, 'You tried to make us believe this fruit was wax, and there is an apple half rotten over there, and wax not rot.' I explained that it was just a representation, but they evidently thought I was a persistent story-teller, for they walked scornfully away. As they went I heard her remark, 'I wish we could find out how they preserve these fruits, for she won't tell us.'"

To the nature student or botanist perhaps the most peculiar and interest-

ing part of the collection would be the mushrooms. From the Ink Cap and the Shaggy Mane to the most delicate of mushrooms on their slender stalks, they are modelled with wonderful naturalness. Even the good old stand-by, the Morell, is there.

Garden vegetables also have a place in the collection; the delicate branches of green peas contrasting with the plump, red tomatoes; as well as many vegetables which still retain their fine fibrous roots. Other specimens exhibit the effects of thinning roots to various distances apart, while models of different varieties of turnips and other vegetables give the average product for several years, as the result of careful experiments.

All models are *bona fide* copies of real fruits or vegetables, and no "fakes" find a place in any part of this large collection.

In 1908 the Ontario Government sent some hundreds of specimens of Mrs. Potter's work to the Franco-British Exposition in London, England. The alibi to pack these delicate models in such a way as not to injure their beauty, and yet that they might be secure for such a long journey, is no small item of the work itself. But this was successfully accomplished, and not one specimen received the slightest injury in transportation.

Every year in June farmers' excursions come from all parts of Ontario to the College, the wax work being the chief attraction for the ladies; the gentlemen also nearly all find their way to the museum before the day is over. And not only to the farmer is this part of the College of interest, for many people visit Onepith simply to see the wax fruits, and if possible meet the artist who makes them. Frequently visitors of note in the city go to the College, and the museum is the only building they take time to visit.

During the past summer the Women's International Congress spent a day at the College, and their interest in women's work, as shown in this wonderful collection, was as unbound-



MRS. POTTER
WHO IS EMPLOYED IN THE ART OF WAXING
WAS COUNTERFEITED
FROM HER LATEST PHOTOGRAPH



A CASE OF COUNTERFEITS

SO LIFELIKE ARE THEY, THAT THEY DECEASED EVENING PEOPLE, WHO BUY THE REAL THINGS FOR DESSERT.

colored powders. She did not dream in those days that it was possible to make molds of soft, perishable fruits such as berries. She used broom wire for stems, winding them with ravellings of fine green wool, and cloves represented the calyxes of apples. She made a few models for amusement, and for over twenty years did nothing more at the work, although her thoughts were ever dwelling on its possibilities. Not until she had married and her son and daughter had grown up, did she attempt it again. At length, a friend persuaded her to make a few pieces for decorative work, and in doing so her latent talent was aroused, and she began to feel her power, and the love of the work grew with her as she tried experiment after experiment.

ed as their delight in meeting and chatting with the artist.

Many and varied are the inquiries made by strangers in regard to Mrs. Potter's personality. Many people have gone to her studio just to see the person who could do such beautiful, dainty work, and frequently their surprise is great when they meet this dear old lady of sixty-five summers.

Mrs. Potter's youth was passed in Rhode Island, and when a young girl she learned the old-fashioned way of making wax fruits, which were then used as parlor ornaments. Plaster of Paris molds were formed, but only apples wholly green, or red, or yellow were cast; and no attempts were made at coloring, except by rubbing on the

periment in a struggle to arrive at a more perfect copy of Nature's beauties. She was not satisfied now with mono-colored apples, but her desire was to reproduce the more beautiful striped and blushing fruits. In doing so she was thrown entirely upon her own resources, for although she sought many artists in an endeavor to perfect her work, none of them were able to instruct her in regard to painting on wax; nor could they depict fruit with sufficient accuracy to make models of use scientifically.

Her husband dying about this time, she then thought of turning the work, that she had been doing simply for love of it, to profit in order to sup-

port herself and her daughter; but many of her friends ridiculed her in this, as they could not see how she would ever make money out of an obsolete art. She was able to do so, however, and she well remembers those who gave her their sympathy and recognized in her productions the qualities that made for success; and to those friends she attributes much. As her home was in a part of the country where different varieties of fruits were hard to obtain, she received great encouragement from her son, who sent her specimens from the city markets.

Just as her business was fairly established, her daughter died, and she was left without her much-appreciated help and sympathy; but trees that stand alone grow stronger and better than those growing in groups; and so it proved in this instance, for, being now almost entirely alone, her work became her passion, and possessing great powers of concentration she in a few years brought her art to its present high excellence.

Her method of working was at first very simple, but now she has a different process for the development and finish of nearly every fruit; each process having been evolved by her own careful investigation.

For scientific purposes it is necessary that the model should be the exact copy of the real specimen, so plaster of Paris is poured over the fruit in sections and allowed to harden. In the mold thus formed liquid wax is poured, and when this cast has become firm it is polished and the stem and calyx of the apple or pear is added (now all of wax, the clove being discarded), and all is painted to imitate the real fruit. The coloring is wonderfully true to Nature, but perhaps the finishing process is still more surprising, for she is actually able to give to the apple the exact appearance of the natural skin; to the peach its soft, downy cheek, and to the grapes and plums an almost perfect counterpart of the dainty bloom with which Nature has endowed them. She

has no set formula for the use of wax, but varies it for nearly every variety of fruit to be reproduced. In the use of paints, too, she uses either minerals, oils, water colors, or others, according to requirements.

Now that she is advancing in years, Mrs. Potter's friends have been anxious that she should impart her art to another; but her time being so fully occupied in the actual work, and also in constant endeavor to make it more perfect, she avoided doing so until of late years. She wished to come in touch with someone who, aside from the power of concentration absolutely necessary in order to do superior work, really felt the love for the art which she considers an essential. She has given several a trial, but as her standard was so high, but one person, Mrs. Jean Lyon, has shown the patience and skill which meet with Mrs. Potter's approval; and with her Mrs. Potter is satisfied and looks to her to have her art continued in future years. Mrs. Lyon's work can now be seen in the O.A.C. museum, along with her teacher's.



MRS. POTTER AT WORK IN HER STUDIO

Think of Jonah



DID you ever stop to think of it? If Jonah had stayed with that Whale we should never have heard of him again! He came out all right, however, and did things worth remembering.

A salesman was in a provincial town one day—that is, the man was there, but the sales were not. The weather was exceedingly trying, the crops in the country were poor, factories and shops were working on half time. There were several others, but Van Atkin himself was the real cause. He was down in the mouth. He wrote a five-page letter to "The House" and went to bed.

When Van came down next morning, later than usual, he was handed a telegram. This is what he read—

"When you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah! He came out all right!"

At first, Van laughed, just as you are doing now. The sales manager who sent the message intended that he should laugh. Then Van grew serious; and that was according to the manager's plan too. The salesman returned to his room. But just what happened in that room perhaps no one but Van Atkin will ever know. At any rate, "He came out all right." He took some samples under his arm, called on the trade and made sales. He is "high again" with his company now, with good prospects of becoming sales manager at an early date. The thing that gets a man overboard is not important. The particular brand of fish that swallows him is of no consequence. It may be despondency, discouragement, lack of initiative, doubt, fear, timidity, or any other kind of fish. They all are lurking just beneath the surface, waiting with open jaws for victims.

It's getting out that really counts. Jonah was in for three days and three nights, but according to the story he came out all right. It may take longer than three days and three nights or it may take less, but get out of it, if you are down in the mouth. If you don't get out, your career is ended; if you do, your chances are better than ever.

Think of Jonah!



Teaching the Workingman to Help Himself

George W. Perkins, whose portrait appears as a frontispiece to this number, and whose article on the profit-sharing and kindred schemes of the International Harvester Co. is to be found on page 98, has made a close study of all the workmen's benefit problems of the day. He is perhaps doing more than any other man in the world to work out on a satisfactory basis schemes of profit-sharing, insurance, pensions, and compensation for the workingman. Acting on the principle that it is better to let the artisan help himself, he is simply aiming to give the workman opportunities to take a share in the work of the big industrial, to become a shareholder himself, to provide his own insurance and to secure his own pension. He believes, and rightly, that on this basis alone will the great problem be satisfactorily solved.

Mr. Perkins takes high rank among the financial giants of the day. He has been a partner in the great banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. since 1901, and is to-day the right-hand man of Morgan himself. A director of the United States Steel Corporation, of the International Harvester Company, and of numerous other large enterprises, he has had ample opportunity to devote himself to the schemes

which he has so much at heart. The chairmanship of the committee on wage-earners' insurance of the National Civic Federation has recently fallen to his lot, giving him a still further opportunity in this direction.

A native of Chicago, where he was born in 1862, Mr. Perkins started his business career in the local office of the New York Life Insurance Co., and from a junior worked his way up to the chairmanship of the finance committee in 1900, and to the vice-presidency in 1903. He made his first real success as a salesman. His stirring talks to the staff of the company on selling life insurance are among the brightest and most inspiring sermons to salesmen that have ever been published.

In addition to holding office on the directorate of the United States Steel Corporation and the International Harvester Co., Mr. Perkins is also a prominent director of the Northern Securities Co., the International Mercantile Marine Co., and the National City Bank, besides several smaller corporations. He is naturally much sought after by the management of these bodies, who recognize his splendid executive abilities.

—G. A. CHESTER.

The New Dean of Our Canadian Journalists



J. S. WILLISON



The announcement that J. S. Willison, managing editor of the Toronto News, has been appointed chief of the London Times' news service in America, coupled with the fact that the retirement of Professor Goldwin Smith from the field of journalism, has removed that veteran writer from the leadership of the journalistic forces in Canada, makes the former the unquestioned head of the profession in the Dominion. Mr. Willison has long been regarded as one of the best informed and most skillful editorial writers in the country, and his utterances on public questions have always carried weight. In the United States and in Great Britain, his editorials have been recognized for years as representative of an important section of public opinion in the Dominion.

The son of an Englishman, John Stephen Willison was born fifty-three years ago in Huron County, Ontario, and, like most of the leading men of to-day, he went through the local

schools, side by side with the cosmopolitan young Canada of that period. After the usual course at school he engaged in mercantile pursuits for a time, until the lure of the printing press led him to apply for a position on the staff of the London Advertiser in 1882. That here he had found his vocation was demonstrated by the fact that only a year elapsed before he had been called to a position on the Toronto Globe, then, as now, one of the most important of Canadian metropolitan dailies. For nineteen years Mr. Willison was associated with the Globe, and it was in the position of editor of that organ that he became a national figure. His resignation of the duties of editor-in-chief of the Globe was announced in the fall of 1902 and almost immediately he took editorial charge of the re-organized News. His present appointment in connection with the London Times will not interfere with his position on the News.

The Man Who Will Build up the Cement Industry



FRANK P. JONES



Hostile criticism of the big cement merger has again been heard of late. As usual it merely serves to bring into the lime-light the man who will have to justify the wisdom of the amalgamation. Much will depend during the next year or two on the business acumen of Frank P. Jones, the youthful manager. He has no easy task ahead of him, but it is reasonably safe to predict that the ability which has raised him to his present position will serve to keep him well in the vanguard of national industrial progress. His salary is reported to be in the neighborhood of thirty-five thousand dollars a year, which places him on the level of our railroad presidents and the general managers of a few of our big banks.

Mr. Jones first came into prominence as sales manager of the Nova Scotia Steel Company. In this position he showed marked ability, so marked, in fact, that the men behind the Nova Scotia's big rival, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, soon

made overtures to him and gave him a similar position in their organization. He advanced rapidly, becoming virtually the general manager of the company within a few years and the duly appointed manager two years later. And now at a time when an interesting future is opening up before the Steel Company, he has chosen the more arduous task of recovering the cement industry from its present chaotic condition.

But Mr. Jones has not gone into the new undertaking blindfold. He canvassed the situation thoroughly. He saw the tremendous increase in the consumption of cement in the last five years and naturally concluded that cement manufacture was really only beginning. He is understood to have decided that the possibilities for ultimate expansion in the cement merger were even greater than the possibilities ahead of the Steel-Coal combination. The public will watch the course of this young manager with interest.

—R. P. CHESTER.

A Leader of the Student Volunteer Movement



J. R. MOTT

What college man in America does not know John R. Mott? His popularity is undoubted and his influence immense. Just now, as arrangements are being concluded for the great Students' Volunteer Convention in Rochester, his personality stands forth in commanding position as the leader of this great crusade. At Rochester there will be assembled over 3,000 college men from all parts of America, of whom a goodly representation will come from Canada. This body of earnest young men have in view the recruiting of the missionary forces of the world. They will strive to instill the missionary spirit in the ranks of the students of 800 colleges.

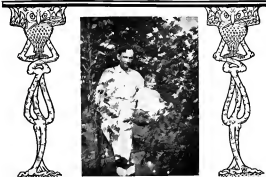
Though manifestly youthful in appearance, John R. Mott, can number forty-four years of existence. His college days were spent at Cornell and later he was granted an honorary M.A. degree by Yale. Ever since its inception over twenty years ago, Mr. Mott has been a moving spirit in the Student Volunteer Movement, and during practically all that time has been

chairman of the executive committee. He has also taken a lively interest in the Y.M.C.A., holding various offices in its organization.

The question may be asked, Does the movement fulfill its purpose? Is it a success? In answer it may be said that 4,300 volunteers are recorded as having gone to the foreign fields—to practically every mission field of the world. These are connected with about 100 different missionary agencies and as preachers, educators, translators, doctors, nurses, promoters of industry, etc., are giving their lives to all of the varied forms of missionary service. It may be said that most of the volunteers would have gone to the field in any case and without the prompting of the Volunteer organization. Wide correspondence recently carried on would indicate that about 75 per cent. of the volunteers now on the field were led to the missionary decision by the direct work of the movement.

—R. P. CHESTER.

A Close Student of Industrial and Business Life



HERBERT N. CASSON

A romance in itself might be written about the struggles and successes of the band of young Canadian writers who have gone into the larger field of the United States, and have there forged to the front,—Roberts and Carman, Stringer and O'Higgins, Duncan and McFarlane and many another. To readers of magazines, the name of Herbert N. Casson must be familiar. He has specialized in subjects having to do with the realm of industry and he is to-day probably the most successful writer of entertaining books and articles on these themes in the United States. And Casson is a Canadian—a dyed-in-the-wool Canadian, if we take his own word for it.

"Bert" Casson, as he is best known to Canadians, was born in a tiny village called Odessa, somewhere in the vicinity of Kingston, in the year 1869; and as his father was a peripatetic Methodist minister, he grew up all over the Dominion of Canada. He learned to read in a class of Indians

and half-breeds in Manitoba, on the banks of the Red River. Later he became a clerk in a frontier store on the northern shore of Georgian Bay, a hundred miles or more from any railway. At seventeen he was the boy orator of the town of Mitchell, where the astonishing lectures that he used to deliver in the City Hall are well remembered. And at eighteen was a student of old Victoria College, in the days before it had forsaken the town of Cobourg for Toronto.

What "Bert" Casson has done in his seventeen years of adventuring in the United States is a long and picturesque story. From the first, he set out with a purpose, and he has followed this purpose over hill and dale with the tenacity of an Indian. This purpose is nothing less than to abolish the competitive system in industry, and to establish in its place an orderly system of business, with every trade linked to every other trade and with every idler compelled to do his share of the national work.

A Young Canadian With a Genius for Organization



W. M. AITKEN

Halifax is staid, reserved and conservative. Her people, not always quick to act, take time to make up their mind, and yet they can be prompt, their doors are quickly open to the man who shows he can do things. Thus Halifax early came to consider W. M. Aitken, the promoter and financier whose success gave promise of yet greater things, as one of her own.

Mr. Aitken had only been five years in Halifax when, a little more than two years ago, he removed to the wider field and more extended opportunities of Montreal, but Halifax acted on the principle that he was rather a Halifax man than a New Brunswick man. They were proud of him.

Thirty years ago William Maxwell Aitken (see where his personal friends get the familiar "Max") was born in Newcastle, N.B., a lumbering town on the Miramichi. There his father for long had been the minister of the Presbyterian church, and there he now lives, after faithful service, in

honored retirement. Aitken got a good common school education, but he was not destined for a college course. He was the kind of boy who had not much use for the training of schools. For one reason or another he preferred the hard drill of the world, and the success that quickly came shows the boy chose right. And yet it cannot be said, perhaps, that to-day Aitken—the young man who already has achieved success, who is reputed to be in the list of Canadian millionaires, and certainly is in the forefront of many of the biggest financial and industrial undertakings of this country—probably it cannot be said that he does not admit, when he takes time to think of it, that after all he would like, with his other splendid equipment, to have added to it a university degree.

W. M. Aitken is one of those who command success. He is courageous, confident, insistent, and yet a man of impulse. He goes at a thing in no half-hearted way. What he begins he

assumes is done, but he leaves not a single stone of detail unturned to make the expected success a reality. Aitken has a sort of *sans froid*, a bappy faculty of inspiring confidence that at once carries him half way to victory and which has been a prime factor in placing a score of financial triumphs to his credit. He knows a good thing when he sees it—and he does not stop with knowing it.

Aitken began business as the representative of a life insurance company, but this did not hold him long. The Union Bank of Halifax had set longing eyes on the Commercial Bank of Windsor. The man to convince the shareholders of the smaller bank that they should ease in their lot with the greater concern, that they should merge with it rather than wait for some future offer elsewhere, was needed. He was found in W. M. Aitken, who put the amalgamation through in fine style.

The project to reorganize the finances of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company was attracting the attention of the late John F. Stairs. Mr. Stairs saw the qualities of Aitken to assist in carrying through such a work and an alliance was formed. The company's finances were reorganized as they desired. Aitken had proved his metal.

This was before he was twenty-five. I remember one afternoon after the plans had been carried into effect that Mr. and Mrs. Stairs called at Mr. Aitken's office over the old People's Bank offices at Halifax. When they went out Aitken with deep feeling and intensity of admiration, said: "That man made me, this is my twenty-fifth

birthday, and he and Mrs. Stairs did not forget it." A personal trait in Aitken is appreciativeness, but in the case of Mr. Stairs, his regard surpassed mere appreciation—the word love better describes it.

One success quickly followed another. Aitken organized the Royal Securities Corporation. He established the Commercial Trust Company, with which is now merged the Montreal Trust Company, the younger, as was fitting, taking the name of the older. The Porto Rico Railways Co. was promoted and its financing was successfully managed by Mr. Aitken. The promptness and directness of his methods was shown on a trip of Canadian business men who went down two years ago as his guests to see the Porto Rico plant. While in the island a cable summoned him back to New York. The guests were left in good hands, and Aitken, hardly taking time to say good-bye, was off on the steamer, which he just succeeded in catching. He saw the need for action—and as usual he acted.

The prominent part he has taken in the organization of the Western Power Company, the Canada Cement Company, and in the Steel-Coal merger negotiations are matters of the immediate present. The work was there to be done, and Aitken was the man to do it.

His wife, a daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Drury, was one of the most charming girls of Halifax, and when they were married the friends of each said: "The catch of the season."

—W. R. McCURDY.

Most men make the voyage of life as if they carried sealed orders, which they were not to open until they were in mid-ocean.—*Lowell.*



GRACE GEORGE

MISS GEORGE HAS ABANDONED HER REGULAR SEASON TO RETURN "GUSTY AGENORA" AT THE NEW THEATRE, TAKING THE LEADING ROLE IN "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL"



FLORENCE REED

IN "DICKENS DAYS" AT THE ADAMS THEATRE

In the Field of Drama

By

J. J. DINGWALL

PRE-EMINENTLY, the event of greatest theatrical interest since my last article, was the opening of the palatial New Theatre at Sixty-Eighth Street and Central Park West, New York City. It is the only endowed theatre in America, and its career will be watched with interest throughout United States, Canada and Europe as well.

The initial offering was "Antony and Cleopatra"—a new version having been specially prepared for the occasion. Although not announced as a fact, it seems plausible to believe that the selection of this old Shakes-

pearean drama for an opening production was animated by a desire to enable the various players to "find" themselves before attempting the several new, modern and ambitious plays scheduled for later production.

Purely as a production "Antony and Cleopatra" has not been excelled on any American stage. In scenic investiture and costumes, it was artistic and historically accurate. Mr. Sothorn and Miss Julia Marlowe, respectively, played the titular roles, and by general acclaim proved themselves the ablest and most finished actors of Shake-



ADELISE GENTER

THE FANNY DANCER IN "THE SILVER SLIP."

its success solely upon the body of intelligent playgoers. It is hoped to make the institution as distinctly democratic and civic as is the Comedie Francaise of Paris. This is a consummation devoutly to be desired, for then visitors to New York will rejoice in the opportunity of visiting one theatrical stronghold, where-in abides real dramatic food with an accompaniment of productions of uniform, artistic excellence.

Since the above was written, two new plays have been produced at the New Theatre,—one of which, "Strife," promises to remain in its repertoire for some time. The other—the first really new play offered by the management—was "The Cottage in the Air," by Ed-

ward Knobloch, a young Harvard graduate. It proved to be a fantastic comedy of such delicate texture that the first strong breath of unfavorable criticism caused it to fade into oblivion. It served one good purpose, however, in bringing again to public view that reliable and always adequate actress, Miss Rose Coghlan. She also served to show that the personal equation is still potent in theatredom, for her work in this inferior play stood out cameo-like and emphasized in no uncertain manner how much the new school of acting may learn from that designated as "the old."

The other new play was "Strife," which dealt in somewhat new fashion with the perpetual struggle between capital and labor. Its author, John Galsworthy, who looms upon the horizon of English letters in agreeable dimensions, originally wrote the play for English audiences, but American conditions were found to be so similar that the locale was transferred to Western Ohio, where the various scenes are laid in and about a tin plate mill during a lockout, a situation such as occurred in Pennsylvania a year ago. Acted by a cast including such excellent performers as Louis Calvert, Charles Cartwright, Ferdinand Gottschak, Mrs. Sol. Smith, Mrs. Forbes Robertson and Beverly Sitgreaves, "Strife" is destined for some length of theatrical life.

The next New Theatre production scheduled is one of the standard or classical works,—Sheridan's "School for Scandal" in which Miss Grace George will have the leading feminine role, being obliged to abandon the rest of her theatrical season in order to do so. Miss George has always shone in modern comedy, but her husband, Manager Wm. A. Brady, has invariably figured her as the American Rejane, and the best interpreter of old comedy roles that we have. Mayhap he is right.

Sandwiched in between the regular



JANE GREY

GOD OF THE STRIFE IN "IS MATHREVE A FAIRY?"

dramatic performances at the New Theatre will be presentations of light opera by members of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Subscribers can, therefore, witness once, each, drama or opera. The scale of prices at the New Theatre is the same as those at the regular high-class Broadway houses.

And now in descending from the top-lusty eminence of this temple of dramatic art on Central Park West, it is wise to glance at what "The Great White Way" offers in the line of new and current amusement. Beyond question, the most distinct, positive and remarkable theatrical success of

spearman parts to-day on the American stage.

The New Theatre itself is a temple of art that does credit to both designer and architect,—with the exception of a few particulars. Chief of these are the acoustics,—a fault that has since been remedied. On the opening night it was with difficulty that certain portions of the audience were able to hear the lines spoken by the players,—in spite of clear enunciation.

The New Theatre Company of players is to be a strictly stock organization,—no one of whom is to be featured or "starred." The theatre makes its appeal and will depend for

the season is "Seven Days," now playing at the Astor Theatre. 'Tis a farce comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart. Much of its success is due to the fact that the excellent cast of comedians who play it, do not descend to low or broad farce methods, but play it in a spirit of straight comedy, thus heightening its humor and making more impressive the many grotesque situations. It is French farce of the highest type — minus vulgarity or double entendre. And yet so unimpressed at rehearsals were its producers, that, I am told, no reasonable offer for its playing rights would have been refused. Now it is destined to make a fortune for all concerned and will be at home in New York for a year or more.

The latest English offering is "The Belle of Brittany" at Daly's Theatre, in which Frank Daniels is making the hit of his lifetime. There are five authors concerned in its making and no one of them has been found wanting in respect to book, lyrics or music. The piece contains no story strong enough to bear repetition here. It is sketchy and threadbare of plot, but its fun is positive and refreshing, even though it is most conventionally Eng-

lish. It seems, now-a-days, as though English authors are becoming more alive to the necessity of making their usually local comedy situations applicable to world wide conditions, so that "he who runs may read," and then again, the dollars of the American public provide a great incentive to a more general application of conditions comic. "The Belle of Brittany" is

a pleasing instance of this and ought to have the "at home" card on its doors for a long time. The peculiar mannerisms of Mr. Frank Daniels are a large factor in adding its popularity.

Lew Fields, the eccentric German comedian, has built up such a following among theatre goers that were he to appear in a dramatization of "The Lamentations of Jeremiah," it would take no little while to exhaust the patience of his clientele. His retirement from the stage for the pur-

pose of making theatrical productions was generally regretted, but he has once more returned to his own and is again "in Dutch"—which, being interpreted, means that in his new musical farce, "Old Dutch," he is in his element. He is the same good-natured, droll, blundering, laugh-producing character as of old. "Old Dutch" has a trio of authors. Victor Herbert furnished the



MABEL TALIAFERRO
in "BRISQVINA"



music, Edgar Smith the book, and Geo. V. Hobart the lyrics. The general fault found with this new musical farce is that there is too little of *Low Fields* in it. Whether this is due to an error of the librettist or self-abnegation on the part of the star is not known, but the fact still remains. From the standpoint of production, competent cast, beautiful girls and handsome costuming, "Old Dutch" has not been equalled in this most prolific season of musical shows. George V. Hobart has furnished some splendid lyrics to which, it need hardly be mentioned, Victor Herbert has added delightful and catchy music.

So frequently does one pick up a programme devoted to comedy, musical play or humorous character sketch, and read the name of George V. Hobart as author or co-author, that one is disposed to query if he will not soon become "written out." He is by all odds the most humorous and probably the most versatile writer that Canada has furnished to the United States. The writer remembers him as an expert telegrapher in a small town in Nova Scotia. Even then he was an adept in putting together amateur dramatic entertainments. The friendship then formed has lasted for twenty years, and my only wonder is that born and brought up, as Hobart was, in an environment of Calvinism, he can so easily turn the tap of humor to such an overflow of success. Some day, I trust, he will turn his attention—dramatically—to the land of his birth, and give us a native play that will furnish Canadians both pride and status. Owing to the above parenthetical personal comment I had almost forgotten to chronicle the conclusion that "Old Dutch" has conspicuous merit and should be stationary at the Herald Square Theatre for ever so long.

"Let me but write your musical comedies and your songs and I don't care who makes your plays," seems to

be the conclusion of George M. Cohan, whose new musical production "The Man From Broadway" appears to have stirred New York. He turns these musical products out with amazing regularity, and so far this young mass of human energy has been uniformly successful. Of course, Mr. Cohan is fortunate in having such a clever and droll comedian as Raymond Hitchcock to interpret his lines and intone his songs (for R. H. never sings songs). Many of the Cohan lines would never get past the bass drum were it not for the quaint and effective delivery by Comedian Hitchcock. There is so comedian on the American stage to-day that is just like Raymond Hitchcock. He is in a class by himself. Whether it be the motion of a limb, the arching of an eyebrow or in fact a genuflection of any kind,—they all serve him as an opportunity upon which to grin laughter. "The Man Who Owns Broadway" is so typically local to New York's Great White Way that few of its pointed quips are lost or wasted. It is, therefore, in for a long run at the New York Theatre, but how it will fare on the road before audiences who are not an fait with Broadway is a problem.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" at the Belasco Theatre is still playing to capacity and for a reason. This is not because of its being a Belasco production per se, but because of its being a Belasco stock company of unusual excellence that brings out every laugh there is in the comedy. The text of its being is "Suppose you were to wake up some morning to discover that your wife wasn't really your wife at all, what would you do?" The show is a tonic of domestication, and the two most popular wives, or if you care to have it so, ex-wives—are Louise Woods and Jane Grey, both of whom have won favor with the large audiences.

The Splendid Pauper

By

FRANK H. SHAW.

"MY dear," said motherly Mrs. Winstanley to the pretty widow, "you may take this from me—your nearest neighbor is simply a splendid pauper. Not as regards money or position, of course—everybody knows the Earl of Lindisfarne is premier Earl of England and as rich as an American railway president—but as regards love and the recognized comforts of life. He lives in magnificent isolation; makes no calls and receives none; will not associate himself with matters public; withdraws into his shell at the first signs of a visitor's approach; and generally proves himself hostile to society's claims. He is poorer than any laborer on his estate, for he is as hard as the nether millstone."

"What's a pauper, murther?" The query came in a dainty, sweet voice from the farthest corner of Mrs. Leigh's drawing room, and the young widow turned with a start.

"I'd quite forgotten Iris," she said, with a glimpse of startled fun on her face. "She is all ears. A pauper, Iris darling, is someone who is very poor indeed. Come and have this cake—it's full of little silver sweets and icing." The child came forward, and regarded her mother's visitor shrewdly.

"I like you," she said, after an examination under which Mrs. Winstanley shrank somewhat. "You always speak the truth, don't you?"

"Why, Iris, of course," exclaimed her mother, before the visitor could speak. "What silly ideas you get into your head!"

"I only wanted to make quite sure," said Iris, picking the silver sweets from the tasty cake and demolishing them with a quiet determination that characterized most of her actions. "Cause one likes to be quite sure, murther."

She effaced herself in her old corner, and Mrs. Winstanley took up the tale.

"I sometimes think the poor man must have had a very terrible shock in his youth," she said garrulously. "He is a positive hermit. However, that won't affect you, my dear. We shall try to make you very happy, and I am quite sure you will prove a decided acquisition to our small society. Now I must be off."

She rose and made her adieux, Iris being fetched from her observatory to kiss and be kissed. Mrs. Winstanley said the wee mite's face was unusually thoughtful for her years, but at once forgot the child in the rush of paying further calls. A rare old gossip, Mrs. Winstanley, but nothing malicious about her. A good, honest soul, who had watched the splendid isolation of the owner of Lindisfarne Towers with much of pity and something of irritation.

Mrs. Leigh seated herself by the open window of the drawing-room, for, though well on towards the mid-

dle of November, the day was warm. Some fictitious remnants of the summer still clung about the lovely old garden, where a surprised robin chirped manfully. And Mrs. Leigh was busy with her thoughts. She was wondering how she would settle in the new home that she had just taken—away from all that sad, unhappy past, away from all old-time associations of Leigh and his people. It was already looming distantly, like a black and bitter dream, all that miserable period of anxiety and suspense, of disillusionment and scorn.

"I'm glad I've cut myself loose from it all," she murmured. "I'll get a chance to forget now, and—I need it. I need it, heaven knows. Thank God Iris is like me, and not like James."

Yes, there was much to forget, she thought. Seven long years of heart-sickening unrest, the result of her hasty marriage with a man who was all but a fiend in disposition; seven long years of mental—ay, and sometimes bodily—torture, tied hopelessly to a man who had not one single redeeming feature. A gambler, a drunkard, a brute—that was James Leigh. But now it was all over. A chance fall in the hunting-field almost a year before had cut the Gordian knot, and Ainslie Leigh was free to live her life as it should be lived—happily, with great peace drooping on her way.

The rustle of paper aroused her from her reverie. She glanced over her shoulder into the quiet room.

"What are you doing, Iris?"

"Reading, muvver—the dickensy-ary." Iris had opened the great volume at the letter P, and her slim finger was running down the page with care.

"P-o-o-r. It isn't there," she said below her breath. "P—Muvver, spell pauper."

"P-a-u-p-e-r," said Mrs. Leigh slowly; and Iris turned back. There

it was—"a poor person, one reduced in circumstances, one supported by charity." Charity she understood—she had heard it preached about in church. Evidently this man Mrs. Winstanley had spoken about was one of those people who went about in rags and tatters, soliciting pennies with mendicant whining. But Iris had a wonderfully tender heart, and—Christmas was not very far away. It was an awful thought that anyone near at hand should be compelled to beg for pennies when the season of presents and rich feeding was so close at hand.

Somewhere at the back of that high, white forehead lay a shrewd and calculating mind. Iris was busy with her thoughts now.

"Eightpence for muvver, fourpence for Nurse, twopenny for Grimm, one penny for Baines." She was reckoning up her Christmas liabilities in view of the coming season. Already she had chosen the presents to be given to the various members of the small household; by dint of careful saving she would be in possession of two shillings and threepence by the week before Christmas. She dotted down the items on the margin of the dictionary, and reckoned them up carefully, her sticky fingers helping considerably.

"One and threepence," she said it last after getting it wrong four times. "That leaves elevenpence—no, a whole shilling."

She licked one sticky finger seriously. No end to the possibilities of a whole shilling, and it required a lot of saving; but she had heard the mandate so often: "Give freely to the poor," that she relinquished those golden dreams of chocolates and such good trifles with only a very small sigh. Her mother being still engrossed in pictures of the past, Iris rose, and left the drawing-room. Her money-box lay on a high shelf in the nursery, but the child

was resourceful. A chair standing on another chair formed an effective ladder, and it hardly seemed to matter that the whole erection came down with a crash as soon as she had laid hands on the box. When she picked herself up she had her savings in her possession, and a thin knife-blade speedily drew out sundry coins from the slit in the top of the locked box.

"I'll carry it wiv me," said Iris. "Fraps I'll meet him soon."

"Oh, if you please." The voice was sweetly pathetic, and George Mainwaring Wriothersley Vincent, tenth Earl of Lindisfarne, looked up with some curiosity—looked up from a black-souled reverie, looked up from miserable heart-searchings, and presented a dark and brooding face to the gaze of the little figure sitting across the top of the high wall.

"Get down, little girl, he said sharply. "You've no business there. Besides, you'll fall." The last was added inconsequently, and as the mite wriggled in her place the earl darted forward a step.

"It wasn't very hard," said Iris soothingly. "There's little bits of stones all over—like steps. But this side is so smooove. I can't get down, and I do want to get down, please."

What was it that caused the black frown on Lindisfarne's brow to smooth away into something of interest? Was it the glance of a pair of appealing violet eyes, the sound of a tremulously brave little voice? For many a long year he had never left his own estate, hugging the sorrow of his life to his heart with solitary morbidness. Bereft of hope, shunning and shunned by his friends, the prey to thoughts of the most unsettling, the victim of his own regrets, what was there in all the world outside that could offer him solace? Eight long years ago since the tragedy of his life was acted, six

years since he had succeeded to the title and the vast estates, and the honors and riches counted of good worth in the mind of the world, were simply apples of Sodom, turning to dust and ashes in the mouth.

Gorgeous servants waited on his every need, prancing horses stood in the stables awaiting his command; his word was law to an establishment the actual numbers of which he never knew. Served on bended knees almost, served with fear and trembling, he was; for his bitterness had stamped itself indelibly on his face, and men, looking hereon, said he was harsh and exacting, one to be attended carefully, lest evil befall. A pauper he was, if ever a pauper lived, but it was poverty of the heart and soul that made for his dismal life.

"Oh, if you please," came the plaintive voice again.

Lindisfarne lifted his head; the little figure was still rocking perilously on the summit of the high wall.

"I tried to get in at the gate," said Iris piteously, "but they said it was no place for little girls. Please—"

"What do you want, child?" The voice was hostile, offered no encouragement.

"I have something for you, please." Then he noticed that one grimy fist was tightly clenched on something held within the palm.

With a bitter laugh at his own folly he strode forward, and lifted her down. She thanked him prettily, and looked up into his face with wide eyes.

"It's mine own," she said at last, insinuating something into his hand. "So you needn't be afraid. It's all mine, honest." He looked down with some consternation. In his hand lay a sticky shilling, and Iris was regarding him with such charitable interest as might have become the good Samaritan himself.

"It's all for you," she said. "So

you'll have a merry Christmas. I saved it—it's mine. Poor man, I hopes you'll be happy."

"But—I say—look here——"

She waved her hand benignantly. "I s'pose you never had so much before," she said, "but you've got it now. And now, please, I'll have to go, 'cause nurse didn't know. I ran away when she was speaking to Forbes. Do you know Forbes, he's the policeman? He's fond of nurse."

"I don't want your money, child. What should I do with it? Here, take it away with you, and if you are looking for another to add to it, take this as well." Iris's face wrinkled, something hot and moist filmed her eyes. But she stamped her foot with some indignation, too.

"You's a pauper," she said sternly: "you's to take it. We was told to give to the poor, and you're poor, aren't you?"

"I poor! Good heavens!"

"Mrs. Winstally says you's a splendid pauper," said Iris with a confidential air. "I shoudn't have known but for her. You see, there's no really-truly poor people in the village, so when I heard you was so poor—'cause pauper means poor—I took my money for you. But I couldn't find you for ever so long—nearly a whole month. Please keep the money, Pauper dear, and buy a Christmas present. If I'd known I'd have bought you one, but I don't know what men like."

Lindisfarne tried to be stern, but failed in the effort, being raised before and aft by the broadside of her mourning eyes. A queer catch came into his throat as he looked down on her. He began to see what the past might have held for him if only—if only—but that way lay much sorrow, and he banished the thought at its birth.

"So they call me a splendid pauper, do they?" he said slowly. "My

God! To be pitied by all the world! It's hard—it's more than hard."

"Yes, I know it's hard," said Iris sympathetically. "But cheer up, please, Pauper dear. You can buy ever so many things with a shilling—chocolates, and toys, and —" Her under lip began to quiver a little as glowing vistas of shillings-woorths flitted through her mind. "I must really go now, please," she said. "If you'll say 'thank you' nicely, I won't wait."

"Er—what's that? Oh, ay—thank you, miss. What's your name, by the way?"

"Miss Iris Leigh."

"Thank you, Miss Iris. It's extremely good of you. But—I wouldn't say anything about this, if I were you. People might—might—well, never mind. Look here, little one, come again, will you? If the nurse lady is so fond of the policeman, perhaps she'll allow you to spend a little more time with me. Come tomorrow, will you? And you needn't risk your neck climbing the wall—I'll tell the lodgekeeper to admit you at any time. Just walk straight in, and if I'm not anywhere about, go to that house there, do you see it?" He pointed with a finger that trembled a little along the magnificent avenue, now denuded of every leaf, to where a vast facade showed sombrely against the withered green of the distant hills.

"I suppose that's the work's," said Iris, thinking of nurse's sayings. She thought for a moment, and then, hancing to look up into the Solendid Pauper's face, saw something there that made her very grave.

"I like you, Pauper dear," she said, holding up her face to be kissed. "Yes, I'll come to play with you. Will they let you out whenever you like?" For parsons and workhouses seemed somehow connected in Iris's mind—a result of her attendant's teachings, perhaps.

Lord Lindisfarne swore softly be-

neath his breath as he watched the twinkling legs vanish down the avenue.

"What the deuce does it all mean?" he asked himself. Then he opened his hand—a sticky shilling fell to the ground. For one moment he set his foot upon it, as though to crush it into the gravel, but second thoughts prevailed. He picked it up carefully and placed it in safety. For some reason or other his face was almost tender now.

* * * * *

Morning brought a renewal of gloom to Lindisfarne's soul. "I expect she's a spy sent from some of these infernal interfering people about," he ruminated heavily, "They'd like to get sneaking into my place, and filling the house with a lot of silly, bridge-playing women looking for husbands. But I'll keep them at a distance. First the child, then her auntie, or an elder sister or something—yes, that must be it. She's of a good stock: her face tells me that. I thought it was familiar, her face, but that's purely idiotic, of course. Now, when she comes, I'll give her her shilling back, and another with it, and we'll close the acquaintance. Yes, that's the best way." He breakfasted in stately splendour, surrounded by pictured Lindisfarne men who had led happy lives, and had married sweet women. Dimly through his melancholy there came dreams of what his life might have been if only—if only — He roused himself and clenched his fist. That way lay madness, he said wrathfully. That page of his life was turned down years ago, turned down and blotted out irrevocably. Why resurrect it, then? But—but—after all, it might be as well to take the gift as it was meant. To return the shilling might mean a fresh quivering of that dewy underlip—a fresh mistiness of those violet eyes. He was softening from his self-built hardness, though he

would not allow himself to believe the truth.

It was the sound of a shrill, decisive voice that took him to the great entrance gates. With a pang of self-reproach he remembered he had forgotten to give the necessary instructions, and hastened to the lodge hot-foot. A flushed and wrathful Iris stood there, endeavoring to make the gruff-voiced keeper understand that she possessed a right of way.

"Go away, missie," said Murdock severely.

"I won't. Oh, please—he said I was to come in when I liked. Do let me see him. He's my dear Pauper." Lindisfarne appeared, and with a little cry the child broke past the outspread arms and ran to him.

"I knowed you'd tell him," she panted. "Please, I can come in." "Let this lady in whenever she wishes," said the earl decisively, and Murdock touched his forehead.

Iris pattered alongside her new-found friend, and regaled him with much simple prattle as she went. He found it vastly entertaining, and before they had reached the sweeping terraces before the house, was displaying something of interest in her home-life.

"My precious one said I mustn't get in the way," she explained sweetly. "I had to tell her, of course. But I didn't say anything of the shilling. Did you spend it, please?"

"No, I'm going to—to—keep it always," he said. He had fully intended to give the coin back, but in the face of those eyes it was impossible.

"Come in here," he said, ushering her past a row of gorgeous servants and into a dainty room. "There are things here that might please you." And thereafter Iris was lost in Wonderland. Unexpected joys seemed to produce themselves from the most unpromising corners; the house from floor to ceiling—and before the day was over she had explored it in its entirety—was a vast

goldmine of treasure. Lindisfarne accompanied her whithersoever she went, and found his jaws smiling unaccustomedly a hundred times at her unfigured delight.

"But—I fought you were a pauper, dear," she said when the long hour was at an end. "Are these toys all yours?"

"Some of them, little one. They belonged to other little girls and boys—before I became a pauper." He turned away at the look of pity on her face. "My God!" he said heavily: "a pauper? Ah, indeed."

He conducted her personally to the gate, and watched her on her homeward way, lingering to the last to wave his hand as she turned the corner of the road. He went back to the house almost light-heartedly; the place seemed imbued with a new atmosphere. The scattered toys on the old nursery floor spoke of life and youth—the forty years of him seemed to vanish with a flash. He picked up a clockwork doll, and regarded it tenderly. It was sticky about the waist, where Iris's fingers had touched it. Looking about him shamefacedly, he stooped and kissed the sticky imprint, then flushed hotly and threw the toy away.

Naturally enough, he made cautious inquiries, and found out something about Iris's home. Once he felt inclined to pay her a visit, to ask her mother for permission to take the child back to the vast sounding Hall more frequently, but he shrank back into his shell before he had walked a hundred yards along the road. No, in all likelihood the child's mother was just one of those designing persons he had purposely shunned these many years—he turned on his heel and strode back to the safe haven of his own great park.

But as the days wore on towards Christmas he found himself looking more and more for her now daily visit. It was the one bright gleam in his dull life; whenever the patter

of her footsteps sounded on the terrace-walks the sun seemed to break out from behind the clouds and shine gaily. He ransacked the house for toys to please her, and discovered at the back of his mind a wonderful imagination that enabled him to people the great, sounding rooms with fairy figures for her special behoof. Gradually the ice about his heart melted away, and left it a throbbing, human organ, quick to feel and understand the tiny mite's needs.

Iris said but little of her daily doings to her mother. Mrs. Leigh had no desire to thrust herself where, so common report had it, no woman was wanted. At times she thanked her God for the softness of the earl's heart, when Iris came back with glowing descriptions of things done and said; but she took her daughter's description for truth. Iris held to it that her Splendid Pauper was "frightfully old and very big and ugly." But a dozen times Mrs. Leigh found herself thinking of the magnificent isolation of the man who had taken her daughter to his heart; and with a sigh broke from her lips, when she compared his solitude with her own embittered life. Iris knew nothing of this, however; she was purely happy and content. Her Pauper was one of the poor she had been told to help—she had his own word for it—and she said she would help him to the full.

* * * * *

It was dark and threatening when Iris left The Towers on Christmas Eve, and the earl, after escorting her to the gate, denuded Murdock to see her home. Iris carried with her a cunning parcel, which she had been instructed not to open before the morrow. Lindisfarne went slowly back to his solitude, smiling as he went, for he was easily able to picture the surprise and wonder of his friend when that parcel revealed its treasures on Christmas Day.

But Murdock was faithless to his trust. He had barely gone fifty yards towards Plover's Nest—Iris's home—when he heard a suspicious crashing in the undergrowth, and, with his mind set on poachers, he turned towards the sound.

"You just go on, missie," he said to the child. "You can't go wrong. Keep to the road, and you'll see your home in a few minutes."

He left her, vaulted the wall and disappeared. Iris, with sundry qualms of fear, gripped her parcel tightly and trudged on. A whirl of snow dashed in her face and blinded her, but she persevered. The snow lay thick on the ground—it baffled her; her feet grew heavy. She stopped and looked up—but she had lost her way. No—there was the road, spreading out white and inviting before her eyes. She gathered her courage together and went forward.

It was close on nine o'clock when a bewildered nurse came flying to The Towers and rang the bell violently. The belated servant who answered it could make nothing of her incoherence, and told her so, told her with a rising voice.

"It's Miss Iris—she ain't come home," said the nurse. "Her mother's wired to say she's missed the train from town, and won't be here till eleven. What to do I don't know. I daren't face her with the child lost." And the nurse broke down in a passion of weeping.

"What's the matter here, Sparkes? Shut that door—can't you see the snow driving in? Why, my good woman, what is the matter?"

"It's Miss Iris, my lord," stammered the nurse, cowering low. She's never come home." And she told her tale in tear-punctuated intervals. Before it was half done the unrest of a great fear broke up the orderly calm of Lindisfarne Towers.

"Don't stand there like a pack of fools!" cried the earl violently. "Get lanterns—call out the stablemen.

Bring me my coat and a lantern. Be quick, if ever you were quick!" He was white and shaking; he had visions of a pair of violet eyes closed in their last long sleep. It was more than he could stand.

"Go home at once," he commanded the panic-stricken nurse. "Get hot water and blankets ready. Don't breathe a word to anyone until you hear from me. Quick, now, quick! My God!" He led the way down the avenue at a sharp trot, a crowd of energetic lantern-bearers bringing up the rear. Swift questioning at the lodge elicited the story of Murdock's dereliction. Lindisfarne eyed him grimly.

"I'll deal with you afterwards," he said; and his voice was full of fear. "If the child is—if anything has gone wrong you'll be a murderer. Don't stand there gaping—bring a lantern and follow!"

The snow was very thick, and still falling. Tiny footmarks would have been hidden long before; but the search-party broke up into units and scoured every possible place of refuge. Without avail. Look where they would there was no Iris.

"If she's gone along here, my lord," said Sparkes nervously, swinging his lantern past a post at the corner of the road, "she'll—she'll—"

"I know, man! The old quarry's along there. Follow me."

They ploughed with bent heads towards the old quarry, long ago fallen into disuse. But still no traces of the tiny, wandering feet, still no welcoming cry. And so they reached the edge of the great opening, and peered over with fast-beating hearts.

"Looks as if someone had fallen over, my lord," said Murdock, indicating towards the edge of the soil had crumbled away. The break looked recent. Without a word—but those who saw his face shuddered—the earl slung his lantern about his neck and clambered down the rugged stone. And there he found

her. She was alive and still breathing, for a broad ledge had received the falling body; she was almost unharmed, but the snowwreaths lay over her in thick profusion. Lindisfarne gasped out an inarticulate cry that turned to a sigh of relief as he felt the beating of her heart, and lifted her tenderly to his broad shoulder. Then, with set teeth and laboring breath, he began to scale the perilous climb.

"Get off home, all of you," he said curtly, as he gained the top again. "I'll see to the child."

The door of Plover's Nest was standing open, and a gleam of lamp-light shone down the snow-covered path. A wide-eyed woman stood at the door, her hands clenched nervously over her breast. She was peering into the swirling whiteness, peering with tear-filled eyes, for the news had been told her—Iris was lost. She never heard the tramp of feet on the road, for the snow deadened all sounds; she saw nothing of a shadowy figure coming round the bend in the path. Lindisfarne appeared before her suddenly, veiled in whiteness, and with a low, glad cry, Mrs. Leigh raced forward.

"Is it Iris?" she cried, and the man nodded. They said no more until he had reached the hall, and there he straightened himself.

"She's alive," he said, and saying it stared with all his eyes.

Mrs. Leigh looked up from the bundle he carried, and

"George!" she cried.

"Aincie! My God!" The two cries were almost simultaneous, and as Lindisfarne's voice rang out incredulously, Mrs. Leigh fell trembling.

"So, she's your child?" he said, licking his dry lips. "God! if I'd only known." And he laid his burden down very tenderly.

"Your child!" he said again. "She—she might have been mine, Aincie. But how did it happen?"

"We must see to the child first, George," said Mrs. Leigh gravely. "Afterwards will be time enough for explanation."

And when Iris was tucked up snugly in her crib the two met once more in the well-lit hall.

"Why didn't you let me know?" asked the earl gently. "How was I to know you were a widow? I thought—I didn't know—Aincie, I was too poor in those days to ask you to share my life, and—and—so I never spoke. And then the title and the riches came—too late, girl, too late—they made me a Splendid Pauper. Is it too late, Aincie, is it too late?"

"I—I," stammered Aincie Leigh, with a strange glory on her face, "I—George, I've never—never—oh, I can't say it. But all the time—can't you know, can't you understand?"

And the Splendid Pauper, understanding, came into a priceless inheritance of love.

"Come upstairs," said Aincie, after many minutes were past. "She brought us together—she must know what she has done."

Iris smiled sleepily, clutching in her arms a large white parcel, somewhat stained at the edges.

"Merry Chris'mas, Pauper dear," she said softly, and over her face two pairs of lips joined in a long caress.



IF YOU GO THROUGH HISTORY, YOU'LL FIND
NO NUMBER OF HOUSES WITH STRANGE FACTS WOULD BE COMPLETE
WITHOUT A WORD ABOUT . . . HARRY

Noble Houses With Strange Histories

By
MABEL GREENWOOD

NO sooner does the fascination of mystery in connection with an historic mansion take possession of one, than one or two familiar houses with strange histories come to mind. Foremost of these, in the memory of most people, is, perhaps, Welbeck Abbey, the seat of the Duke of Portland in the Dukeries, with its wonderful subterranean passages and apartments, including a riding school and ball-room.

These run under the Park and cover a mile and a half of ground leading from the house to Worksop, and are eerie places even when lit with innumerable electric lamps. But the idea of a house such as Welbeck, which was in olden days an abbey, is strange enough to the thoughtful observer. There are a certain number of residences in the United Kingdom which were Abbeys or Monasteries or Priorates in former times, the most interest-

ing being Beaufeu Abbey in Hampshire, the seat of Lord Montagu; Rufford Abbey, the seat of Lord Savile; Coombe Abbey, and many others, all of which possess curious ecclesiastical remnants of former holy owners. But for really strange happenings, including past murders, ghostly visitations or unexplained knockings or visions, the old castles and moated granges scattered about England and Scotland are pre-eminent.

How evocatively does the American, eager for romance and old stories, look upon our historic piles! Ghosts are not bought for money, and do not seem to touch the new palaces of the great Dollar-Kings in Chicago or elsewhere, however much they may want them! One of the most noteworthy of these vast castles is Glamis, with its grim and unfathomable mystery. It is an ancient feudal stronghold, the

A woman will often say no when she means yes; but never yes when she means no.—from *Milne*.

oldest wing dating from the thirteenth century.

But those who stay at Glamis must be wanting in curiosity and imagination if they are not attracted by the mystery that hangs over the place. There are many weird associations connected with it, the most strange being the secret said to be known only to the head of the family. Lord Strathmore, his heir, and to one other person—a secret so grim and horrible as to affect so deeply the feelings of those who know it, that they are different from other men ever after. No clue to the mystery has ever been given to the world, but rumor declares it to be the existence at Glamis of a strange half-human monster who has lived already beyond the span of ordinary mortal life, and is an embodiment of the curse that rests upon the house.

Another of the famous and historic Castles with a strange record is Floors Castle, the seat of the Dukes of Roxburghe, in Berwickshire. The lands of Floors are, in part, held by charters dating back to the Middle Ages, and the wonderful old stone building is full of ancient romance and tragical history. Near the present building is old Roxburghe, now deserted. Kings, cardinals, ambassadors, came and went through the once magnificent rooms; princes were born and died there, while King Alexander III. entertained Henry III. with great pomp in the dining hall. Here, too, the Prince Royal of Scotland was married to the Count of Flanders' heiress, with festivities that lasted over a fortnight!

Shrieks and curses of battle, however, as well as of feasting, echoed through the massive rooms, and fire, sword, and devastation have wreaked their worst on Roxburghe in the past. Pleasant and calm is the scene to-day, where once Kings met in war; and the present Duke has done much to modernize Floors for his American bride.

Another famous old pile is Broughton Castle, in Warwickshire, the seat

of the Marquis of Northampton. It is noted for the isolation caused by its grand moat, which entirely surrounds the old castle, and is crossed by an ancient stone bridge still guarded by a square tower which adjoins the building by a battlemented wall. Broughton is one of the oldest of the inhabited houses of England; it was originally built as far back as 1337, and is full of wonderful histories and memories of past owners. It was only towards the end of Henry VIII.'s reign that the castle was converted into the Tudor style to a great extent; and stands now, as it did then, as a record of the ideas of comfort of the Elizabethan era. Strange indeed is it to think of the knights and ladies who have looked in the past through the stone-mullioned windows and prayed in the ancient chapel.

Ham House is a beautiful old country seat belonging to the Earl of Dysart, and can claim a number of ghostly visitants, including that of Henry, Prince of Wales, who is said to have haunted the wonderful galleries for centuries. Another of the Ham House spirits is said to be that of the celebrated Countess of Dysart, who married, secondly, the Duke of Lauderdale, whom it is believed she murdered. It is full of legends and tragical romances of the old days, and Horace Walpole, on a visit there, spoke of "its atmosphere of seclusion, and its mixture of pomp and tatters," though at the present time the historic pile is well kept up by the Earl, and has been properly restored. As can be found at Knole, in the adjoining county of Kent, there are silver fire-irons and dogs among the wonderful treasures of Ham, once the abode of Stuart Kings and Princes.

But as a residence of exceptional grandeur and historical romance there is scarcely a mansion to beat Elenheim Palace, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, which was given by a grateful nation to the Great Duke. The Park boasts eight entrance-gates, and comprises no fewer than twenty-five hundred acres, while the lake,



Photo. Charles Marshall & Co., London.
BUT THOSE WHO STAY AT GLAMIS MUST BE WANTING IN CURIOSITY AND IMAGINATION IF THEY ARE NOT ATTRACTED BY THE MYSTERY THAT HANGS OVER THE PLACE.

with its islands and bridges, is one hundred and thirty acres of itself! Although the building is not ancient, there is yet a certain fascination about Bleanheim that cannot be denied; and no visitor there can fail to remember the chance, as well as soldieryship, in the winning of battles, that laid the foundation of the fortunes of the Churchill family. To the average nobleman of to-day, however, the gift of a house which in buildings alone covers four acres would indeed be something of a white elephant, even with the adjunct of a princely income.

Turning to a smaller and less well-known place, Raby is one of the finest castellated mansions in the country. No sketch of houses with strange pasts would be complete without a word about the unique carriage-way at Raby, which actually passes through the lower hall. It was a quaint idea on the part of some ancient owner of the place to drive direct into the middle of his edifice in his coach-in-four, and to be able to alight in the middle of the building. Nothing more suggestive of the past glories of the mansion could be conceived than this extraordinary carriage drive; while seven hundred followers of the house of Nevill used to meet together in the enormous hall.

Avington, again, in Hampshire, the home of Sir John Shelley, is remarkable for its ancient traditions. The walls are nearly ten feet deep in places, and report has it that here was murdered one of the Dukes of Beaufort. Avington, also, was a monastery long before the days of Charles I., and owns a banqueting hall of the Stuart period which is now the vast library, in which it is not difficult to imagine one can still hear the song and laughter of the dead merry-makers.

Hatfield, too, is full of fading memories of strange events. There Queen Elizabeth is really known to have lived; though, if she slept in all the houses of the great that own an "Elizabeth's bedroom," the conceited

Queen must have had her time cut out for her!

Yet another place, once a monastery, is Cowdray Castle, in what is called the Garden of Sussex, though the ruins only are to be seen to-day, while the modern house is not particularly noteworthy. There is a reputed curse on Cowdray itself; Sir Anthony Brown, beginning to build the castle directly the poor monks were swept out, found there was a cloud to mar his pride. For, in the middle of the first banquet he gave on completing the Castle, a skeleton appeared at the feast, in the shape of one of the dispossessed monks arriving on the scene, who, holding up his hand in sight of all, uttered the terrible curse that by fire and water Sir Anthony's descendants and house should perish out of the land!

The curse seems to have been quiet till the year of the great French Revolution, when the sudden news of the death of the eighth Lord Montague (Sir Anthony's descendant and the last of the direct line) was received, through his foolhardy attempt to swim the dangerous rapids of Læfenberg on the Rhine. Thus that part of the monk's curse with regard to water was seemingly fulfilled; while within a few days of this peer's demise the news came that the princely seat in Sussex was burned to the ground—and, excepting the bare stone walls, standing to-day as grandly as ever, nothing at Cowdray Castle was saved from total destruction! Thus, the later owners of the property preferred to build on another site in the vast park, knowing the strange history that hung about the place.

Everyone who has visited the West country must know the lonely situation that Mount Edgcumbe possesses, with its pleasure ground sloping right down to Plymouth Sound. There is a tradition in connection with the fine old building by the sea, that its beauty so attracted the admirals on the decks of the Spanish warships at the time of the Armada that they drew lots as to who should own it, after the an-

NOBLE HOUSES WITH STRANGE HISTORIES

nexion of England. It was built in Henry VIII.'s days, and has been held by the same family, the Earls of Mount-Edgcumbe, ever since. It was one of the members of this old family who was buried alive, being only discovered through the grasping habits of a man to do with the graveyard, who, knowing that valuable rings had been buried on the lady's fingers, opened the tomb that night! The pain of wrenching off the rings brought her to life again, and she went home to live many years after!

Secret rooms are quite a feature of the old English and Scotch mansions, and very many houses of the Elizabethan period have a priest's room, which is only reached after the secret of its stairway is solved. Among these must be mentioned Bisham, which rooms only gained by a secret sliding panel, where it was possible to do many a dark deed, and to hold many a mysterious conclave, without anyone in the house being aware of it. Bisham was also an abbey in the old days, the building being started in King Stephen's reign, while Anne of Cleves lived there for many years.

Few people, idly boating in the summer on the river at Great Marlow, and making, perhaps, a picnic expedition to Bisham, would realize the remarkable antiquity of the place, so well has it withstood the wear and tear of time. Such a place would be extraordinary had it no traditions, and it is not to be wondered at that there is said to be a ghost there. One of the numerous bedchambers is haunted one is told, by a Lady Hobby, in front of whom there glides, without support, a basin in which she wrings her hands. The strange story goes that she beat her little son to death there because he could not write without blotting his copy-book, and so she seems to spend a shadowy and restless eternity in the vain endeavor to wipe off the stain of his innocent blood!

Other rumors there are to do with the great mansion; and the secret room is supposed to have held prison-

er a squire who was in love with the daughter of the house when it belonged to Montacute, Earl of Salisbury. The Earl had just come home from the Crusades, and his daughter came to meet him from a convent. But the unfortunate squire, who had long been in love with her, intercepted her and carried her off in his boat, only to be overtaken and captured at Marlow, and thrust into the terrible hidden room of Bisham. Afterwards he became a monk.

Another house with a secret chamber is Lyme in Cheshire, the home of the Newtons of Lyme. In this famous and ancient house there is a loophole in the shape of a picture on a sliding panel, through which access could be gained to the secret rooms; while even in the midst of modern Kensington stands the beautiful Holland House, that boasts its ghosts as well!

Easily, too, could one imagine spirits and eerie visitants in the long galleries and halls of Lady Dehester's wonderful London home, where, in the old days, Lady Holland held the last, practically speaking, of the old salons, when the flower of beauty and gallantry met. Odd it is to look on these historic old houses, and to feel that now motor cars glide up the avenues, and the society within has seemingly lost the art of conversation for clever conversation's sake, and has taken up "bridge" and other modern amusements with the rest of the world of to-day. Speaking of secret rooms brings to one's mind Lord Lovell's Castle near Witney, reputed to be the scene of the famous and tragic story of the "Mistletree Bough," which is too well known to bear repetition here.

The story, too, of Burleigh's House by Stamford Town, of which Tennyson has written, is too well known for these pages, though the whole of his romance of the village maiden dying from the weight of her unaccustomed dignities has been discredited, the bare fact remaining that a Marquis of Exeter married a girl with the un-



(Photo: P. H. H. H.)

HAMPSTEAD, YORK, IS FULL OF FASCINATING REMAINS OF STRANGE EVENTS

romantic name of Sarah Hoggins, and thus stories began to be woven around the house. Very many Kings and Queens have stayed there in the past decades. Queen Elizabeth admired the house and spacious grounds; William of Orange thought it too grand to belong to a mere subject; James I. stayed there on his way from Scotland to assume the English crown; Charles I. spent many miserable days there in the midst of his troubled times; William IV. visited it, and later, Queen Victoria. So many scenes, so many different generations with their joys and sorrows has the old mansion seen, and remarkable are the stories the grey stone walls could tell if they could only speak.

Lord Suffolk's home, Charlton Hall, Malmesbury, is yet another with a haunted chamber, as well as a picture-gallery which is quite famous. Many of the finest paintings belonged to James II., who, when he was obliged to flee, left them to the care of the son-in-law of the Lord Suffolk of that day. Circumstances, however, were against his being able to recover his treasures, and thus anyone visiting Charlton Hall can see the collection, the Prince of Orange having subsequently confirmed the family in the possession of them. Now the haunted room is known as King James's room, and the tradition is that, on each anniversary of his flight, his spectral body comes back to see his treasures.

Hinchinbrooke, Lord Sandwich's beautiful seat, has also many a quaint legend, and the place, like so many others, was once an abbey. Certain it is, although it may be but very little known, that two skeletons lie buried to this day at the foot of one of the principal staircases. Very few of the many visitors to Hinchinbrooke are, probably, aware of any such gruesome secret—but the fact remains, and the two skeletons have never yet been removed or re-interred.

Barton Manor, near Osborne, now the property of the King, was also once a monastery, and retains its quaint odd cloisters and Elizabethan

aspect, although the royal owner has installed the telephone and many other up-to-date improvements. Very few visitors to the Isle of Wight are aware of the strange history of Barton Manor, and, if permitted to look inside the building, would be surprised to find the dining-room entirely lined with glazed tiles—it having, in past years, been the dairy of the monastery! But none the strange, heavy corridors are lit with electric light, and the whole place is decorated with furniture from the Royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert.

Yet another monastery was the charming old residence, St. Michael's Mount, the historic seat of the Lords St. Levan in Cornwall. The house, on its rocky mount, rises sheer out of the sea, and forms a picture not likely to be forgotten by the tourist who sees it for the first time. The mount is crowned by the Castle, which has, in its time, served as a fortress as well as a religious refuge. On the opposite coast of France rises just such another remarkable mount—the Mount St. Michael, which also has the archangel as its patron saint. It is only natural that the Cornish mount should be the subject of many legends, so long has it borne the beat of the waves and the shadows of the centuries.

One of these tales refers to St. Michael's chair, which is reared high on the summit of one of the rocky crags, and is a dangerous and awesome place to approach. Many are the storms that rave over this part of the Cornish coast, and ever very dangerous to shipping, and the cruel white foam is always to be seen, even on a comparatively calm day, licking the lower rocks of this wonderful place. Ivy and creepers almost mix with the shells and seaweeds on the rocks near the water's edge, and here Lord St. Levan and his ancestors have lived in almost regal splendor and isolation from the rest of the world.

From the wild West coast to the Garden of Kent is a far cry indeed, but a word must be said about Ighiteham Mote, which most connoisseurs

of old houses consider one of the finest of the ancient moated residences in the world. When we remember that the oldest portion of the building goes back to the wild and turbulent times of Edward III., it is not difficult to believe the place is full of strange histories and remarkable reminiscences of the past, although even now left to a great extent as it then was.

There are few people living to-day in London, with the noise of motor omnibuses and the ceaseless traffic of the crowded streets in their ears, who give a moment to think of the hidden charm and romance of many of the noble houses in their midst. The great city holds a fascination, unequalled in any city in the world, for the antiquarian and philosopher. He sees "the boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," and thinks of the tapestries going to worthless dust, the carvings destroyed, only too often, by fire, the great families dwindling now and again into feeble degeneracy. London is indeed a treasure-house of relics of the past ages; and evidences of old-time grandeur and majestic importance can be found in many old buildings.

The romances that cling round these black-grimed London houses which have stood through the fogs of hundreds of years are not always easy to discover. Harcourt House, in Cavendish Square, one of the famous old mansions, is actually to be pulled down, so that yet another of the homes of the old nobility will disappear. To many a casual observer who glances, as he passes by, at the grim plain front of the old house, the strange history of its past is unknown.

The story is a remarkable one. The house belonged to the Portland family, and one member of the family, having probably lost most else, was foolish enough to stake the place at a game of cards. His opponent was a member of the Harcourt family, who was lucky enough to win this huge stake, and, in one way of looking at it, mean enough to stick to his win-

nings! Of course, by the ordinary rules of gambling there was no reason why the house should not pass from one hand to another; but it seems sad that the foolishness of the original owner should have lost the family home altogether.

Then we find old Schomberg House, situated on the south side of Pall Mall, which sports quite a good garden for a house in the heart of London. At Schomberg House lived that Duke of Cumberland who was called the Butcher. The old house had a great attraction for notable artists, and many of them lived there, though this fact is very little known, while the solid and ugly exterior of Schomberg House would never give one the idea that it would be favored by lovers of the beautiful, so inartistic is its dark stone front.

Then another old London house, with an interesting history belonging to it, was Craven House (not, of course, the present building) in Drury Lane. Old Lord Craven, who was the admirer, if not (as some historians aver) the husband, of the widow-Queen of Bohemia, lived there. The lady was the daughter of James I. Lord Craven was a colonel in the Coldstream Guards in the reign of Charles II., and his duties embraced turning out to maintain order at fires; while his drums, giving the alarm, were heard far and wide over the picturesque Strand and neighborhood of his day.

Space does not permit us to do more than glance at the history of the old home of the famous tragedienne, Mrs. Siddons, which has now, alas! suffered at the hands of the Goths—the house-breakers. It stood in Upper Baker Street, and the old bow window used to command a fine view of Regent's Park—the view being left for her by command of the Prince Regent, when the "First Gentleman in Europe" was designing the alterations in Cornwall Terrace up to Clarence Gate. The old rooms of the old houses echo no longer to those foot-steps of the historic past; modern joy

and sorrow are felt within them; their fires are out; and fascination only remain. But:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness."

And the old owners? After life's
faint fever, they sleep well. Their

fires are out; their hearths are in
ashes; but their memory is ever green
in the hearts of those they left be-
hind:—

"For some we loved, the loveliest and the best,
That from the village, calling Time to
rest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And, ere by one, except slowly to rest."



"EVERYONE WHO HAS VISITED THE WEST COUNTRY MUST KNOW THE
LOVELY SITUATION THAT IS MICHAEL'S MOUNT FORTRESS."

Dispatch

By Josh Billings

DISPATCH is the gift of art or doing a thing right quick. To do a thing right and to do it quick is an attribute of genius.

Hurry is often mistaken for dispatch; but there is just as much difference as there is between a hornet and a snail when they are both on their duty. A hornet never takes any steps backwards, but a snail always travels just as tho he had forgot sumthing.

Dispatch never undertakes a job without first marking out the course to take, and then follows it, right or wrong, while hurry travels like a blind hoss, stepping hi and often, and spends most of her time in running into things, and the balance backing out agin.

Dispatch has dun all the grate things that have been did in this world, while hurry has been at work at the small ones, and haint got thru yet.

Christmas Eve in the Cariboo

By

D. J. BENHAM

ALL the roads that threaded their tortuous ways through the rugged wilds of the Rockies to the Cariboo in the days when the gold-mad multitude was thronging in there, converged at Twenty-Mile, a quaint, unpretentious, rambling, log hostelry. The house was known to everyone, and its hospitable roof had sheltered thousands who had been lured by the phantom gleam of gold to brave the countless dangers of the northern wilderness to wash for the yellow dust in the sands of the Fraser. It was kept by an American, whose name, Wilhelm Krause, betrayed the fact that his forefathers had not come to this continent in the Mayflower. The stage route from Ashcroft, 300 miles away; from New Westminster down by the sea 200 miles further; and from Sapperton, over which the caravans of miners and prospectors streamed on to Barkerville, the centre of the Cariboo, passed between Twenty-Mile house and stable; while the trails from Huckleberry Creek, from Skookum Valley, from Dead Man's Gulch, from "Californy" Canon, and from the isolated camps and scattered claims all centred at the famous old stopping place away back in '61.

Twenty-Mile, however, never became a serious rival of the mushroom metropolis of Barkerville in the wild, reckless, rollicking life of the diggings. It lacked the swagger of the larger camp; its jackpots were not so sensational; its gun play less deadly and less in evidence; its clean-ups were not the largest in the Cariboo, and its

nuggets not the biggest; and yet, even in its diminished glory, there was enough excitement and spice in Twenty-Mile to make life worth living.

It was the one cheery place for the men who lived the hard, lonely lives out on the creeks; the one place available where they might share the pleasure of the companionship of their fellows. A visit there was the only break in the monotony of their loneliness; consequently, on Christmas Eve in 1861, Twenty-Mile was the Mecca of the miners of southern Cariboo. At no other time of the year is solitude so hard to bear as when the great family festival of Christmas comes around. Then he who has a home will dream of it, and he who can will spend the day by his own fireside. Even the most self-contained recluse will draw to his fellows, impelled by the spirit of peace on earth and goodwill towards men, which is abroad in the world.

Fortunately every trail, every blaze, and, in fact, every gulch, led down to the valley in which nestled Twenty-Mile, else the terrible snow storm which raged on that eventful night might have been the winding-sheet of more than one of the lonely, wayfarers en route to their Christmas feast. Never in the history of the Cariboo had there been such a storm, and the ghost of the north enveloped mountain and canyon in its grasp. Snow in the mountains is not like snow on the plains. It does not beat upon you, but flutters silently earthward like the down from the cotton plant. It clings

to everything like a fluffy garment, and the only sound which breaks the great white silence is that created by the fall of miniature avalanches from the over-weighted boughs of spruce and pine. All else is asleep in its mantle of snow.

That night the little, low windows of Twenty-Mile house blinked through the downfall like tiny, fitful stars. Its three huge chimneys belched out showers of sparks from the flaming Yule logs in the great open fire-places below; and but for these intermittent beams of light the old house might easily have been mistaken for a mere snowbank.

Into it the miners straggled one by one, two by two, or in larger parties which chance may have thrown together along the trails, with much stamping of feet and shaking of snow from caps and coats. Each nodded good evening and Christmas greetings to Mine Host Krause, and exchanged cordial compliments of the season with those who had preceded them; and then drew in to the fire to thaw the snow which would neither shake nor stamp off. They were great, rough-looking, jovial, open-hearted fellows, these men of the diggings and the frontier, in trousers and coats of shaggy making, or leather, or even the skins of animals. Heavy shirts of red or blue flannel, with enormous checks, added the picturesque of their costumes. Every one of them carried in his belt the regulation "short gun" and "skeeter," though after the advent of Justice Begbee to the Cariboo diggings those weapons were carried more for sake of associations than as a means of settling arguments and differences of personal opinions.

It was truly a motley and cosmopolitan crowd that gathered there to celebrate. There was scarcely a corner of the world that was not represented. Men had been drawn from all parts of the universe by the rush to Californy in '49; and these stampeded north when the precious metal was discovered along the tributaries of the

Fraser. In one year more than 33,000 thronged into that wilderness from California alone, buoyed up by the hope that springs eternal—the hope that inspires the gambler to risk his all to win, or for a chance to win. In the rush to "Californy" some had set sail from the old world on a nine months' voyage around the Horn; or to shorten this just a little had crossed "the isthmus," with its malarial swamps. Others had come from under the Southern Cross, from the boom camps of Australia and New Zealand; and—hardest journey of all—men in thousands, in caravan after caravan, of prairie schooners, had streamed out along the old Santa Fe trail, to the southwest, constantly harassed by hostile Indians, and by hunger and thirst, in quest of the fabulous riches in the rocks and sands beyond the great divide. Every mile of their route had been the birthplace of a romance or a tragedy. Despaired there, thousands had turned to the new fields of the north amidst the wilds of Cariboo. Others had trekked across the prairies from old Fort Garry, on foot and on horseback, up to the Peace river and through the Yellowhead Pass, carrying with them the picks and shovels with which they fondly hoped to uncover the wealth hidden in the headwaters of the Fraser. All these hardy, daring and adventurous spirits were represented in the strange Christmas gathering that night in Twenty-Mile. And among them was old Henry Freeland, of Huckleberry Creek.

Everything about the hotel bespoke the festive season, even to the new neckerchief and corduroy suit in which the portly proprietor was arrayed. The bar-room, the dance hall, the card-room, the reception room and the general room, which included the offices, had been hung with evergreens; while the dusty, dingy interiors had been brightened by a "fix-up," an unusual occurrence at Twenty-Mile. But it was the large—truly extravagant—number of candles which had been

lighted that more than anything else indicated the festive occasion.

Old Henry Freeland sat by the fire apart from the others, quietly smoking his pipe and watching the blue clouds eddying into the chimney or the flames twisting in golden forms and faces around the logs. Sometimes he aroused himself to the point of appearing interested in the events and conversation around him, but soon lapsed back to follow the train of his own thoughts and daydreams. He was a strange old man, a hermit by choice. There was not a miner in the Cariboo that did not respect the quiet, unobtrusive "old Henry Freeland," as they called him, though some pretended to understand him. He was a good neighbor there reckoned even on the rough and ready standard and in the broad, cosmopolitan spirit of the frontier, where every man is to a certain extent dependent upon his fellows. He was always ready to do a favor, though seldom asking one. When Tom, the Missouri tenderfoot, went out prospecting along the Upper Skookum, taking with him only a week's grub, and was not heard from for two weeks, it was old Henry Freeland who went out to search for him, brought him in and tenderly nursed him with his broken leg. Later, it was he who grub-staked Tom liberally on his own well-filled, though hard-earned, poke. The old man had been in at the first; had done well; and could now sell out and be rich any day. Thus why it was that the strange old hermit refused to go "outside" and be comfortable, preferring to remain in his shack away up on Huckleberry Creek was something no one could understand. All knew, however, that behind that rugged exterior beat a heart that was warm and true, bearing in stoic silence its own great sorrow.

A wild animal when wounded in the chase or when afflicted by sickness will limp away into a thicket to heal its wound or to die in majestic, heroic silence. In men there seems to be the same instinct, and away out in the

solitary, lonely outposts on the fringe of settlement, in the wild foothills or the canyons, will be found noble men of character and refinement who have somehow been wounded in the chase of life or have sickened of it and have limped away into the wilderness to seek healing or death.

It was in some such way as this that the miners explained to themselves the life of brave old Henry Freeland, even before they learned his sad story definitely from one who had known him on Poverty Flat in '49. It was a story neither new nor rare, but one which in its main details might be told by many a silent old man in many a camp on the frontier.

It began away back on an Iowa homestead, which he likely never would have left had not a great and consuming sorrow overtaken him in the death of his wife, which made the old place and its hallowed associations almost unbearable to him. The remarkable tide of humanity was then pouring into the California gold-fields. Freeland was caught in the vortex of that migration, impelled not by the love of gold, but by an overwhelming desire to drown sorrow in the excitement and toil of a new life. With his only child, a daughter of twelve years, he joined a party of gold-seekers. Naturally silent and self-dependent, his sorrow had made him morose. His one master passion was his love, almost absorbing in its intensity, for his daughter Daisy. This love depended, if that were possible, in the days of hardship and poverty which they were called upon to face in California; for he was not one of the fortunate ones there. Then Daisy was his little housekeeper, always looking on the bright side of things, always seeing a silver lining in every cloud in her father's life, always blithe as a lark and always contriving somehow to make ends meet.

But years passed, and when Daisy was blossoming into womanhood she fell in love with a dashing young Argonaut. Her father opposed the alliance, and when she could not marry

with his blessing she was persuaded, in a moment of girlish thoughtlessness, which she regretted as long as she lived, to run away and wed without it. That was a more cruel blow to old Freeland than even his first great sorrow; for it was not a Heaven-decreed affliction; it was rebellion in a daughter whom he loved better than his own life. All that mortal existence held for him was crushed with the elopement of his cherished child; but he did not complain aloud—he was too broken in spirit for any outburst of passion. He simply withdrew to the wilderness.

That was why "old Freeland" lived alone up on Huckleberry Creek; and that was why he sat unhappy and silent by the fire in a public house that Christmas Eve. It was nearly six years since Daisy had deserted his home for her lover; yet in all that time he had not heard of her, neither had he even enquired as to what had befallen her. But Daisy had sought constantly, though in vain, for tidings of her father in the hope of reconciliation; and as time slipped on she mourned him as dead.

But this is a digression from the scenes of revelry at Twenty-Mile. If old Freeland sat silent, his companions certainly did not. It was a night of wild, hilarious, rough festivity. Jake LaSear, mounted on a box, sawed his old, squeaky violin until it fairly screeched in agony, while the dance and the feast ran high. Heavy makinaws were shed, and the miners in their shirt-sleeves, a score at a time, danced the jigs and the break-downs which only a hewn floor could have sustained. Those who could not secure "jardners" from among the limited female population of Twenty-Mile had to "stag" it, and this they did in mirthful glee. And there were games, of course, for those who did not worship at the shrine of Terpsichore. These bought their stacks of chips and sat around the rough gaming tables playing "draw," or "seven-up," or "rolling the bones," according to their personal inclina-

tions. But the general sentiment was that Christmas Eve should be a social occasion. This sentiment manifested itself in a larger run than usual on Mine Host Krause's barrels and kegs, the precious contents of which were "toted" all the way from the coast—or were supposed to have been. The nucleus probably was, and the spring behind the hotel supplied the rest that was necessary in making the fiery "white whiskey," which has been aptly described as calculated to "make a rabbit spit in a bulldog's face." It was notorious among the miners how, under Krause's skilful manipulation or adulteration, whiskey increased even as did the widow's cruise of oil in the time of Elijah; indeed, there were some who maintained that for every barrel that came in from the coast, twenty were sold over the bar. But though his patrons called it "pisen," "knock-out," "forty-rod," and "hell-fire," and even pretended in jest to burn the floor with it, Krause was unanswerable in his argument when he declared that "them as didn't like his liquor needn't cough up their dust for it." But on Christmas Eve they did want it, irrespective of its quality, and did put many an ounce of dust into the scales on the bar for it.

But while all this revelry was in progress in Twenty-Mile, a coast wind found its way through the mountain fastnesses, swept up the creeks, swirled down the gulches and valleys and howled around the old hotel, almost burying it in a drift of newly-fallen snow. Flurries blizzed down the wide chimneys into the fires, and found their way in through the chinks and crevices in the walls unnoticed and unheeded by the revellers. It was truly a terrible night without. The stableman, after studying the situation, announced that no one could possibly make his way home through that storm and so it came to pass that when the genial Krause had made the best possible disposal of his guests there still remained a number who of necessity had to bivouac on the floor. Had the merry-makers not been storm-staid

this story might never have been written.

When the mirth subsided old Freeland fell asleep in his chair by the fire.

It may have been that the spirit of Christmas was upon him, the spirit of the Child born in the manger at Bethlehem; or it may have been the faint night cry of a child heard through the house that brought the old man back in dreams to happier days, to the Christmas celebrations of long before.

He was back on the old homestead. It was Daisy's, little Daisy's first Christmas. He and her mother had brought her presents in her cradle. "Don't you think she sees them, dear, and knows it's Christmas?" his wife was saying. "Oh, I think she must; see her smiling," he replied.

This dream merged into another. He was still on the old homestead and his family circle was as yet unbroken.

"Merry Tisamus, Daddy—Merry Tisamus—Wate up, daddy; wate up—it's merry Christmas, don't you know?" and daddy, looking down on the halo of curly golden hair, and at the wet, lipping child in her white nightgown, said within himself that not only on the plains of Bethlehem had angels heralded the Christmas Day, but his own little angel had caught the song that even the stars sang together across the divide of two thousand years to proclaim it to him.

"A Merry Christmas, Daisy, a Merry Christmas," he replied, and peace and good-will were in his soul as he fondled his little daughter.

The old man still slept on. His dream merged into still another. He was no longer on the old homestead, but in a wild, rough Californian mining camp.

A little girl housekeeper came in to wish daddy a Merry Christmas. "But you musn't come near the kitchen, daddy," she was coyly saying. "You musn't even peep in at what I have

got for dinner. And—we'll try not to be very lonely, daddy, though—mother—is away—but I'm sure she'll see us to-day even from Heaven—it's Christmas," she was saying brokenly.

Had his neighbors from the creeks seen the old man as he slept they would scarcely have recognized him. The hard, weary, cynical look had disappeared. In dreams he was yet a husband and father—not a lone, homeless wanderer, loveless and weary of life and its disappointments. Dreamland was his only taste of happiness, his only fleeting glimpse of Heaven.

Then doors away at the end of the big room creaked open and a tiny figure peeped through, stopped for a moment irresolute, then tipped over to the fire-place. The fire was yet burning brightly enough to show her the old man asleep—just what the little apparition had hoped for and half-expected to see.

"Merry Tisamus, Santa Claus; Merry Tisamus, Santa Claus. Is so tired and sleepy, Santa Claus? Did you tum down froo the chimney, Santa Claus?" she ventured to ask from the sleeping figure.

It seemed to the old man but a part of his happy dream. The child's voice thrilled him through and through.

Meanwhile she watched for him to wake. She even touched his hand when emboldened by the silence.

Slowly he woke from his slumber so sweet, and looking down saw a tiny angel in white robe and fuzzy golden hair. Surely he was still dreaming?

He glanced quickly around the dingy interior. This was really Twenty-Mile, to which he had come through the storm and snow on the previous evening. He realized that he was awake. But this was—was surely his own child, his little Daisy who had come to him out of dreamland; he could not mistake her, for her image was engraven upon his heart and memory. But how had she come back

to him through all the years, to the wilds of the Cariboo? It seemed surpassing strange—almost uncanny.

But little Daisy, if it were her, was beginning to shiver. She had just slipped out of bed to get a glimpse of Santa Claus as he came down the chimney as she had been told he would. She had seen only an old sleeping man by the fire and she was now very cold. Indeed she was "awful cold," she said.

The old man was now wide awake. He grabbed up the little child and stirred up the fire, cuddling her in his arms to make her warm and cozy as he had often done years and years before in the happy days gone forever. He unconsciously almost clasped her to his bosom fearing that she would vanish into thin air again as she had come.

"Who are you, dearie?" he asked with the passion of his old love burning anew in his heart.

"Ise Daisy."

"Daisy," he repeated mechanically—his own little daughter's name. Was this after all a dream? Again he looked about him. He was assuredly awake and away off in the lonely Cariboo. But it was no mere apparition; it was a real child of flesh and blood he was fondling in his arms, of that he was now assured. Yet how could any other child be so like his own had been? And the name too—

"What's your other name, Daisy?" he broke in.

"Just Daisy, that's all. But is oo really Santa Claus?" she in turn enquired.

Just then an alarmed voice called "Daisy, Daisy, where are you?"

"Here, mamma. Ise tummin'" and without further ceremony the little bunch of sweetness slipped down from the old man's knee and ran off to rejoin her mother.

Old Freeland felt that he was losing his reason. The woman's voice had thrilled him even more than the voice of the child. Who could she be? She had not been seen nor mentioned during the evening before when

everybody in Twenty-Mile was supposed to be making merry; neither had there been any strangers come in. He tried to think, tried to imagine. Could it be?—no it could not be. His own Daisy whom he had cast off was living happily he hoped, under the sunny skies of California, thousands of miles away; probably 'the mother of children, likely forgetful of the old father she had run away from for her lover.

He could not but think of his daughter. The chance meeting with the child kindled anew the parental instincts in him. The hazy ray of sunshine which had come into his existence for only a moment had melted the snows and frosts of years of steeling his heart against the object of its love, and germinated again the roots of kindness which are natural to the souls of men.

As soon as the house was astir in the morning old Freeland hunted up Krause, and enquired feverishly about Daisy and her mother—a mere matter of idle curiosity he tried to make himself believe. He was certain there could be nothing in the strange fancy which had possessed him.

He learned that the mother was a young woman who had recently been left a widow, and was at present "helping Missus Krause." There were two children, Daisy and a little baby boy only a few weeks old. "But wait," said Krause, "seeing the old man's deep interest, 'there ain't no sort o' use me talkin' when the Missus is around. She ain't done a thing sence the widder cum to the diggin's but talk about her and call her all the angels and saints ever heard of in the Cariboo."

Mrs. Krause answered the summons of her lord and master promptly, although she was already busy preparing the Christmas dinner. She was a big, good-natured, kindly, voluble old woman who would rather gossip than work any day, and she seized eagerly upon this opportunity to dilate upon the womanly qualities of the widowed mother.

"She ain't none o' the ordinary," began Krause's helpmate. "There ain't no other ever came through in the Cariboo could hold a candle to her. She's just a saint, that's what she is, though she can cook a roast just to a turn."

"But she's had a hard time o' it, poor thing. Mexican Bill told me all about it, though she don't say much about herself. Her husband came out to the Cariboo nigh a year ago, and located down the White Horse way, and he sent back south for her and Daisy. Bill said he'd nuther been hang twice over than o' drive the stage in from Ashcroft the day she cum. She was that happy, poor thing, buildin' on seein' her husband agin soon—an' all the time he was lyin' down at the foot of the rapids somewhere that God only knows. He got drowned the week before she cum in. They boys who knew she was cummin' in had picked on Bill to tell her. They all chipped in and they helped her the best way they knowed; but they ain't used to consol'n' women, the men of the Cariboo. Then her little boy was born less'n a week after she got there. When she got strong agin she wanted to get away from White Horse and to get work to do to keep her and her babies. The boys was awillin' to keep her fur awhile or to pay her way out, but she wouldn't let them; she was so independent like. Mexican Bill told me about her and I jest up an' told him to bring her up here by the last stage. She's been here a two weeks cum Sunday. Lor' me thinkin' I was doin' it for charity. Work! Why ye never seen such a cook, and ye'll say the same thing after ye taste yer Christmas dinner to-day. The mince pies that woman kin make. She says she took to it young like when she kept house fur her father down in California."

Poor, good-natured, voluble Mrs. Krause did not notice the intense interest of Freeland, unusual though such a thing was, but rattled on, satisfied only by the fact that she had found a good listener.

"She don't jest seem to know where her father is, an' she cries most every time when she speaks of him; so of course, I don't ask no questions."

"But her name—what's her name?" almost gasped Freeland.

"Mrs. Stenson's her name," was the quiet answer.

"Her own name though?" Her maiden name, I mean—what is it?"

"It's Daisy, I reckon, cos she told me she had named the little girl after herself."

Then it must be true mused Freeland. No, it might not; but he would make sure before he ventured to make known his identity and the reason of his peculiar interest in this story of romance no sadder than scores of others in the Cariboo.

"But her father's name—her name before she married—what was that?" anxiously asked Freeland; and Mrs. Krause, absorbed in her story answered bluntly:

"Lor' I dunno. Oh yes, lemme see; it's on the front page of her bible which always lies near her bed. Lemme think a minit. Daisy—Daisy—Daisy Freeland. That's it—same as yer own. But it do seem strange fur me up here in Twenty-Mile to be settin' here gossipin' and know the Christmas dinner is acumin' along jest as well without me." With that she disappeared into the kitchen, leaving the poor, astonished overjoyed old man in a state bordering on insanity. He was consumed with varying feelings of sorrow at his own actions, joy at the thought of the remarkable reunion; and a strange, unaccountable shrinking from the daughter he had disowned.

Soon little Daisy in her holiday attire appeared and renewed the friendship of the early morning. As she climbed his knee the old man nervously enquired if she had ever heard of her granddad; and he was rejoiced to learn from her childish lips that "Dandad was always in her prayer."

Then he realized that his daughter had prayed and had also taught her little lisping child to pray for his safe-

ty and for his restoration to them, even while he had cherished his enmity against her husband and steered his heart against her because of his selfish love.

"Did you ever see granddad, Daisy, dear?" he asked again.

"No, but I will some day," she replied in childish confidence, "for mamma says Dad'll bring him back to us since papa's gone."

This was more than even the hardened trained reserve of old Freeland could stand, and he could contain his secret no longer.

"Daisy, denrie, I'm really granddad. God truly has brought me back in answer to the prayers of you and your mother. Now Daisy, run and tell mamma that grandad is here," he exclaimed.

Away she trotted blithely in her girlish glee to tell her wonderful story.

"Mamma, mamma. Dad's brought dandad back to us. He's here. Tum an' see dandad."

While the interested mother was listening to the voice and prattle of her child, Mrs. Krause expressed her thoughts in the one characteristic exclamation, "It's old Freeland, sure, the child is talking about." With that the widow snatched up Daisy and ran for the kitchen.

It was a happy throng that spent the wintry Christmas Day of 1861 in Twenty-Mile away up in Cariboo. Kindly Mrs. Krause declared she was the happiest of them all, but she could not know, could not realize, the happiness which swelled the hearts of Henry Freeland and his unfortunate widowed daughter in their strange, providential reunion after an estrangement of years.

A Trust of Idealists

HERE are plenty of people with grit and faith in this country. The only thing we need is a trust of idealists—even a very small one—and we would sweep everything before us.

We ought all of us get together—those of us who expect the best things and the best people (because we are going to produce them)—the affirmative men—the men who have held commonsense as a kind of vision or prophecy and as a force and not merely as an epigram, or a proverb, or a motto in worsted.

To see things as they are and without skipping anything, and yet as they might be and shall be—what a great opportunity there is for us if we keep each other in countenance!



HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

An Hour With the Pope

By RENE LARA.

From the Fortnightly Review.

THE time is past when one might say, with a certain erstwhile ambassador of the Grand-Duchy of Tuscany: "I have achieved my greatest diplomatic success; I have succeeded in speaking with the Pope."

Vatican manners have become more democratic since those days; and, however true it may be that the august recluse who, from his seat on St. Peter's throne, guides the destinies of Catholic mankind, has retained for us his grave and mysterious attraction, it is none the less the case that

the bronze gates which close the papal sanctuary to the outer world are opened more frequently than of old, not only to diplomatists and pilgrims, but also to the mere casual travelers whom a feeling of respectful curiosity brings to their threshold.

The views of Pius X. differ entirely from those of his predecessor on this point as on many others. Pius X. is a man of the people, and prides himself upon it; Leo XIII. was an aristocrat, and never denied it. I believe, in reality, that the difference be-

tween them was more particularly marked by their respective conceptions of their missions and of the parts which they were called upon to play.

Leo XIII. considered that the papacy should keep up the spell of its mystery and its splendor and fight against the progress of equalitarian ideas by setting itself to maintain in all their severity the strict and complicated forms of etiquette which the Holy See had been pleased to observe since the period of the Renaissance. Pius X., on the other hand, when donning the tiara, declared that he intended to be "the poor man's Pope." Taking his inspiration from the beautiful words spoken by Christ, "Come to Me, all you that labor and are burdened," he wished to make himself accessible to all; and it would depend only upon the goodwill of those around him to make him even more accessible than he already is.

I knew this when I went to the Vatican on the occasion of my last visit to Rome; I knew how affable the Pope's simplicity was, but how difficult any access to his person remained for one who, like myself, had neglected to provide himself with letters of introduction.

To obtain an audience appeared, to those whom I questioned, an excess of ambition. Nevertheless, I made inquiries as to the preliminary steps which had to be taken in order to approach the presence of Pius X., and I was told that I must begin by appealing to the kindness of Monsignor Bisleti.

The *maestro di Camera*, who acts as Master of Ceremonies or Lord Chamberlain to the Holy Father, is not very difficult of access, although he is bound to deny himself to those persistent ladies and gentlemen—especially the ladies—who, day after day, wish to carry away from the Vatican a blessing or an autograph. Their patience and their indiscretion are alike indefatigable. They are really terrible, those good ladies who slip up Monsignor Bisleti's staircase,

force their way into the waiting-room, and there, with hats drawn up in battle array and with aggressive glances, assail the beardless young abbe who acts as secretary to the distinguished prelate, and who, in his despair, invokes the aid of invisible powers against those obstinate canvassers for audiences. His appeals avail him not at all, for, to the curt and dry "Impossible" which they receive full in the face, after three or four hours' waiting, the fair postulants oppose the frank indifference of deaf people clinging to a fixed idea; they sit down again and smile.

The sight was not of a nature calculated to encourage me. I had already perceived on the young abbe's thin lips a hint, a glimmer of the traditional demurrer. I resolved to hustle things.

"I wish to see Monsignor Bisleti on a matter of importance," I said, producing my card.

"I doubt whether—" he began.

"Please give him my card."

Ten minutes later I was shown in to the head of the papal household.

His slender figure emerged, violet-clad, from a dark corner of the spacious study in which he receives his visitors. The suppleness of his movements and the keenness of his glance make him appear the classical type of the Roman prelate. The head is intelligent, the lips pale; the eyes, for all their sharpness, have that look of weariness, which is not without its charm, of eyes that have read much. He speaks most European languages admirably, and his manner is courteous in the extreme.

When I confessed the object of my visit he seemed profoundly astonished.

"You wish to see the Holy Father? It is very difficult. However, I will try to give you a permit to attend his mass. . . . As for obtaining a private audience, you will have to put your name down at least a week in advance."

"The fact is that I have to leave Rome the day after to-morrow."

"In that case there is no use thinking about it."

"Still, Monsignor, if you would do me the favor to submit my request to His Holiness."

"Certainly I will; but I doubt if it will be granted."

My wife and I took leave of Monsignor Bileti without cherishing any great hope; and we had already given up our plan when, while we were sitting at breakfast the next morning in the dining room of the hotel, the porter came up to me, with a wide, beaming smile on his face, and said:

"There is a messenger from the Vatican outside, sir, who wishes to deliver a letter to you in person."

I found a tall footman, dressed all in black, waiting me in the hall. He handed me a huge envelope sealed with the papal arms. The envelope contained a card for an *audience privata*, inviting me, with my wife, to the private apartment of Pius X. at noon that day.

What miraculous secrecy had caused my wishes to be so promptly heard? Obviously, the Pope did not share Monsignor Bileti's preconceived opinions as to the faculty of granting audiences.

A thoughtful postscript at the foot of the *billetto d'audienza* mentioned the ceremonial dress to be worn when visiting the Pope: "court cloaks" for the cardinals, silk cloaks for the bishops. Laymen were to don a swallow-tail coat and white tie; ladies were admitted only in black gowns, with a lace mantilla on their heads, and no gloves.

In that wonderful city which is the Vatican, Pius X. has left the Appartamento Borgia to his Secretary of State, and has fixed his own residence on the third storey. The Scala Pin and the Cortile di San Damaso lead straight up to it; but there is another and a finer road which, starting from the Portone di Bronzo, takes in the Scala Regia, winds round the statue of Constantine the Great, plunges into a maze of mysterious staircases,

emerges in the Stanza dello Spirito Santo, passes through the Sala di Costantino, and follows the Loggie di Raffaello until it ends outside the Pontifical waiting-rooms. It affords a gentle ascent through a host of masterpieces: Michael Angelo, Perugino, Luca della Robbia, and the divine Raphael receive us at the Scala Regia and do not take leave of us until we reach the threshold of the papal door. And I accepted their guidance when I went to the Vatican, preferring to take this circuitous road, with the oroad and powerful appeal which it makes to the artistic sense, rather than the other and shorter route.

The loggie that morning were flooded with sunshine and filled, alas! with the irritating chatter of the numberless tourists who, generation after generation, come to rhapsodize in this same spot. The red Baedekers glared against the uniform grey of the ladies' dust-cloaks. Shril exclamations rang out in the accents of Great Britain, to be drowned forthwith in the noisy double-bass of Teutonic voices. There were long-haired young men who measured the magnificent frescoes with their hands, and young married couples who spoke not a single word. From time to time a violent cask passed, very swiftly, in the distance.

At the end of the gallery a sculptured door, with the arms of Gregory XIII. carved above it, opened after I had presented my *lettere d'audienza*, and I suddenly found myself separated from the light, the crowd, and the noise. A suite of rooms paved in marble and hung with tapestries stretched before me in the soft twilight shed by the great white silk curtains of the tall windows; *monsieur*, in violet mantles and floating capes, glided by in the silence; a picket of Swiss Guards, standing motionless with shouldered halberds, seemed to rise from the depths of a faded past; beyond these, the *basolelli*, in ruby silk, sat on a velvet bench, while a group of Noble Guards, booted, spurred, and all agleam with gold lace, bowed re-

spectfully before a tall and slender figure draped in scarlet and crowned with a set of expressive angular features. Two nuns in white cape, with wide, flapping wings, passed and evoked a memory of France amid the surroundings where we stood waiting our turn to be received.

A sound of footsteps: from behind a drawn curtain came four bronzed and bearded African monks, whose coarse frocks fade gradually from sight in the distance of the vast rooms. Behind us loud sighs escape from a dark corner: a lady in a mighty state of excitement is waiting, like ourselves, for the honor of an audience. In her hands she holds a strange medley of objects: rosaries, a birthday-book, prayer-books, a jewelled necklace, gold rings, medals—a whole shop-windowful of things! In anxious tones she asks a young domestic prelate:

"Do you think the Holy Father will consent to bless all these?"

The young prelate gives a hardly perceptible smile:

"It seems a good deal. . . . But the Holy Father is so kind! Only you must not ask him for an autograph. He absolutely refuses."

And the birthday book straightway disappears into a little hand-bag.

Meanwhile the room has become filled with discreet shadows; officers and priests fall into groups, and talk in low voices.

Suddenly the mid-day sun on the Janiculum thunders out; and chimes start ringing at the same moment: those of St. Peter's first, followed by the chimes of all Rome. They rise from the Trastevere, they come down from the Pincio, they fly across from the Aventine Hill, they hasten up from the golden Campana, they tell the beads of their clear and merry notes and mingle their sweet, grave sounds with the loud brass voice of the basilica. In the half-light of the room the shadows suddenly steep. The red cassocks and violet capes bend down in a deep genuflex-

ion, the halberds are brought smartly to the marble flooring; the Noble Guards, in their gilt breastplates, clasp their helms together and give the military salute to the twelfth hour, the blessed hour that is passing.

The last notes of the Angelus are still lingering in the air when a *cameriere segreto* comes up to us, and asks us to follow him. Monsignor Bileti is waiting on the threshold of a little door.

"Come," he says.

The door opens. At first I see nothing but books, numberless books, all around an immense room, which the light enters in floods. Beyond the open windows on the left, Rome, with her hills and steeples, lies slumbering in a blue haze; on the right a screen cuts off and conceals a portion of the room. Feeling a little nervous, dazzled by this sudden brightness following so close upon the gloom in which I have spent the last half hour, I peer out of my eyes in vain—see no one. Where is the Pope?

Monsignor Bileti beckons to us. I pass round the screen, and suddenly, behind a table loaded with papers, beside a crucifix hung high up on the wall and slanting, so that it seems to bend its look of pain upon him, I see His Holiness Pius X. standing erect in the imposing purity of his white cassock.

His strongly-marked features are plainly defined in the broad light. The stature is powerful, the shoulders broad, the chin masterful, the mouth singularly expressive; but the gentleness of the glance, the crystal clearness of the kindly eyes soften the haughty outline. A plentiful crown of ash-colored hair encircles the little white silk skull-cap which the Sovereign Pontiff wears thrust on the back of his head; his plump and energetic hands are beautifully shaped; his voice is grave, sonorous, and distinct.

Formerly, the etiquette was that whoso had the honor of being admitted to an audience of the Pope should make three genuflexions as he enter-

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ed: the first on the threshold, the second a little further, the third at the feet of the Pope, whose slipper, moreover, he was obliged to kiss. Leo XIII. made only the rarest exceptions to this rule: Pius X. has abolished it. He does not wish you to talk to him on your knees, and, when you still make a slight genuflection on entering and leaving, he hastens to raise you up; and his friendly simplicity—I was almost saying his cordiality—at once puts you at your ease.

With a simple gesture of the hand he invites my wife and me to take a seat on either side of him. He himself has sat down in a wide armchair in front of his desk, and, while speaking, with one hand he alternately takes up and lays down the gold penholder that lies beside the inkstand, and with the other plays with the gold chain that hangs from his neck and supports a pectoral cross in emeralds—a present from the Emperor William to Leo XIII. on his jubilee—the green reflections of which sparkle in the rays of the sun.

At this solemn moment I was a little perplexed and troubled, as the Pope does not speak French. Should I dare to venture upon the Italian tongue, which I knew but very imperfectly?

The Holy Father put an end to my embarrassment very paternally by asking me about my journey, about France. . . . and when I apologized for the insufficiency of my acquaintance with the language of Dante:

"I understand you quite well: that is the great thing; and, believe me, I should be very glad to be able to say as much in French!"

The ice was broken, and my mind was now at ease and confident.

As I said at the beginning of this article, I was not present in the Vatican as an interviewer. I had for some weeks been far removed from the scene of religious strife, and had heard only a very faint echo of it through the telegrams in the Italian papers. If, however, the Holy Father

consented—and that at greater length than I had dared hope—to speak to me of "French affairs," as they say in Rome, I do not consider myself entitled, by repeating our conversation here, to abuse the confidence which he was pleased to show me in the course of that audience. The views of Pius X. are well known; he has expressed them so clearly on other occasions that there can be no need to recapitulate them here.

The Pope speaks of these grave matters without bitterness and without unnecessary emphasis; his words reflect a calm and deliberate firmness. He appears to me to be exceedingly well informed as regards the intellectual powers of foreign statesmen; he has formed a very definite opinion of each of them; and this opinion reveals a great subtlety of appreciation, combined with a serene and placid philosophy.

Leaving the political ground, we talk of Italy, of its artistic beauties.

I call the Holy Father's attention to the wonderful panorama that stretches beneath his windows, and I permit myself to ask him if he does not feel a profound regret at being now separated forever from those marvels.

"I suffered greatly at first," he says, speaking slowly; "now I am resigned. I obey the will of God."

At a given moment I bring up the memory of Venice. When he hears that magic name his eyes light up, his features glow with animation. He speaks to me with real emotion of the town in which he spent the happiest hours of his life; and, as I listen to him, I remember a number of charming anecdotes which I heard about his life in Venice when I last visited the city of the Doges. He used to loathe display as much as his predecessor in the patriarchate loved it. Cardinal Sarto could never accustom himself to luxury in any form. He was of the race of bishops who have a "wooden crozier and a heart of gold." His predecessor never went out but in a gondola with four rowers; he himself

was modestly satisfied with a one-oared gondola. . . . and yet when it passed down the Grand Canal hundreds of gondoliers would escort him, seeking for a blessing, a word of comfort and encouragement from him whom they called familiarly in their Venetian dialect, "Il nostro Sfor Beppo."

Summoned to the conclave at Rome, when he left Venice, one blazing morning in July, greeted by the prophetic cry of "Long live the Pope!" he not for a moment doubted that he should return.

"So little did I think that I should never see Venice again," he says, with a smile, "that I took a *biglietto d'andata e ritorno*."

He long kept this return ticket. Wealthy collectors strove by every means in their power to become its purchaser. . . . he invariably refused. Last year the King of Greece, in the course of a visit which he paid to the Pope, expressed a keen desire to possess this little piece of cardboard which has become for all time historical—and the Pope gave it him.

On the other hand, there is one humble relic with which nothing will ever induce him to part. This relic is his watch, a little cheap nickel watch.

"It marked the minutes of my mother's death-struggles," he says, "and the hour of my definite separation from the outer world, from space and liberty. It has marked all the sad, all the joyous, all the solemn moments of my life. What jewel could be more precious to me?"

He carries it fastened to a white silk cord in the broad sash which he wears round his waist; and he did not hesitate to offend against the etiquette which hitherto had obliged the Pope, when he wished to know the time, to apply to one of his prelates in waiting.

This extreme simplicity, I repeat, is to him as much a matter of principle as of habit. It governs all the actions of his life, and is in admirable keeping with his instinctive, sovereign,

and triumphant kindness. His contempt for forms and ceremonies makes it much easier for him to exercise that charity which was always his ruling virtue. If the sun were to set without his having made at least one human being happy, he would be inclined to say, with Titus: "I have wasted my day." He rarely wastes time.

Endowed with an essentially liberal mind, he professes a keen admiration for nations that love independence and liberty, such as the American nation, and he never misses an opportunity of bestowing exceptional marks of kindness upon them. For instance, two years ago a group of American pilgrims, who had come to Rome under the conduct of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, obtained leave to visit the private gardens of the Vatican. The pilgrims, however, were not satisfied with the favor. They wanted, in addition, then and there to see the Pope. Cardinal Gibbons scribbled a few words in pencil on a card, which he sent to the Holy Father. But a few minutes elapsed before the Pope came down to the garden and walked straight to the Cardinal, who tried to kiss the outstretched hand, on which gleamed the marvellous sapphire of the Pontifical ring. Pius X., anticipating and preventing his Eminence's movement, opened wide his arms and gave a fraternal embrace to the Archbishop of Baltimore, subsequently entering upon a familiar talk with the American pilgrims, who gave him an enthusiastic ovation.

Coupled with this lovable good nature Pius X. possesses a very delicate sense of humor, of which I received a number of delightful instances in the course of my conversation with him. After putting a few questions to me on the organization of newspapers in France, he asked me if our journalists are gifted with as fruitful an imagination as certain of their colleagues.

"For, you know, the reporter who is short of news is a terrible man! Did

not the Socialist Roman journalists, for instance, say that I had the most extraordinary and enormous meals served, and that my table recalled the table of Lucullus? . . . However, those gentlemen had to yield to evidence. . . . They watched the entrance to our kitchens, hoping to discover in the provisions which are brought there day by day the dazzling confirmation of their allegations. . . . Well, in the end they were bound to admit that my succulent bills of fare were composed invariably of *risotto* and meat, meat and *risotto*; and the Holy Father adds archly: "In point of fact, it was the memory of Lucullus that they calumniated."

At a certain moment I venture to put a few questions to him on the development of Catholicism in Germany. The subject is a delicate one, and I am anxious to employ words that say exactly what I mean to say and no more. . . . I have selected them beforehand in my mind. But, alas! my lack of experience in speaking Italian has the most grievous discomfiture in store for me. I get mixed up in my phrases, and find myself addressing the Pope in the second person singular! My wife gives me a look of dismay. . . . I am all abashed, and stop and apologize. Pius X. smiles in evident amusement.

"Why should I mind?" he asks. "After all, we say thee and thou to God in Latin."

But the precious moments are flying. A chamberlain had discreetly entered the room and, kneeling in the attitude prescribed by tradition, reminds the Holy Father that there are others hoping for the honor of a presentation. Thereupon Pius X. rises from his chair, signs to us to stay where we are, and walks down the whole length of the library. Coming to a writing desk which stands in a dark corner of the room, he takes a little key, stoops down to the floor, opens a drawer, fumbles in it for a second or two, and at last returns to

us, holding in his hands a red case stamped with his arms.

"This," he explains, giving the case to my wife, "is a small keepsake which the Pope sends to your daughter. It is a medal of the Madonna. I have blessed it. I hope that it will always bring happiness."

After this kind thought, this charming act, our audience comes to an end. The pastoral hand adorned with the shining emerald of the Supreme Pontiffs is raised with a grave and spacious gesture to bless us, while we sink down on the threshold of the door.

As I once more pass through the proud and gloomy rooms on my way to the Scala di San Damaso, I am struck by the startling contrast between the austerity and intimacy of the papal study which I have just left and the sumptuousness of these magnificent antechambers. The angust prisoner of an idea, who guides the destinies of Catholicism, has preserved amid the splendour of his ecclesiastical life; from this point of view the Pope has remained the humble country parish priest. Rising at five o'clock, he is found by the dawn, as of yore, in his oratory, where every morning he says mass, served by his private secretary, Monsignor Bressan. Then, after an early cup of coffee and milk, come reading and correspondence, followed by a short walk in the lovely garden. Receptions and audiences, the reading of reports, interrupted by a frugal meal at noon, fill up the monotony of the long cloistered days. And, again as of yore, when the day is waning and the church bells ring the evening Angelus, Pius X., like the apostles before him, summons two of the faithful whom devotion or employment brings to the Vatican and speaks a kind word to them, thus literally fulfilling the precepts of St. Paul to become "all things to all men so that all may be gained over to Christ."



By

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

CHRISTMAS was so near that you could already feel it in the air. It was so near that you could see a sort of dawn-light of it in the windows of shops and in the faces of people about the streets; it was so near that there were moments when you could hear all around you hints and forerunners of its approaching music and laughter.

Mr. Bantry, seated snugly in his crazy wooden hut, had been catching glimpses and echoes of these things all the evening; he had been seeing and hearing, moreover, something of the mystery and the finer spirit of the season, for this happened to be Sunday, and his hut stood in the shadow of a church.

A crude, crazy, lopsided, disreputable-looking hut to be standing aggressively in the roadway of a select, rather fashionable North London thoroughfare; a snooty, frowny, blinking little hut, draped with old sacks, crusted and hooded with snow, and with a bucketful of charcoal twinkling and purring and glowing in its doorway.

To all appearance Mr. Bantry was a hardy, insanely optimistic adven-

turer, who had come in from primitive parts, staked a claim in the middle of a civilized road, and stared digging into the bowels of the earth there for precious metals; but the simple facts were that the road was under repair, and Mr. Bantry was the night watchman. He had come on duty about dusk, and having lighted a half dozen lanterns and hung them on the temporary fence that kept a heedless public from walking into stacks of barrows and tools, or precipitating themselves down the ragged hole that yawned in the ground, he fed the charcoal fire and stirred it till it broke into a jolly roar, with the wind tickling it through the perforations in the bucket; then he retired into the hut, which fitted him almost as tightly as its shell fits a snail, wrapped one sock round his feet and another round his shoulders, and proceeded to fill his pipe.

"It was a freezer last night," he said to himself, "and it's going to be another freezer to-night." Then as he leaned out to light a slip of paper and set his pipe smoking, he added aloud, "Reckon he don't feel

much like Christmas just now. Wouder what he's been doing with himself all day! They'll give him his gruel to-morrow, and I hope he gets ten years, and he'll deserve every one of 'em, blight him!"

He settled back in his seat and lolled there, muttering and growling inarticulately. Hunched in the depths of the hut, peering gloomily out on the long snow-carpeted street, Mr. Bantry did not seem to be feeling much like Christmas himself. Warm lights kindled in the windows of neighboring houses, and made the snowy white roofs and white window-jedges look chillier by contrast; presently the bells began ringing for evening service, and people, emerging from the houses in ones and twos and in pleasant family parties, made their way gingerly over the snow towards the church; others came in from outer streets until the white road was dotted thickly with black figures moving busily, with their black shadows gliding before them.

The sound of the bells touched Mr. Bantry with a queering, soothing influence; it set the air humming and thickening till the hut was folded as in a mist of dreams, and through them Mr. Bantry could hear the ringing of the church bells far off in the slumbrous little village where he had been young. Somebody in the village had waited whilst he came to London to make a home for her; he had made the home and she had joined him in it, they had been very happy; they had saved and planned to go back to the village by and by and open a shop there and be comfortable for the rest of their days.

But that humble ambition was never realized. He lost his savings through placing too blind a trust in a man who was unworthy of it; hard times had come upon them; this was the third Christmas now that the snow had fallen upon her grave in the dreary London ceme-

tary; the little village had faded, and was unapproachably far away, and these were the bells of the North London church quickening to their last strokes, and these the belated stragglers of a London congregation hurrying to be inside before the hour struck.

When the bells stopped abruptly the sudden silence disturbed him, but the subduing spell of those old remembrances still held him and was perhaps intensified by the sobbing, murmurous appeal of the organ lingering on the last notes of the voluntary in the church near by; till, as the final note died, the voice of the world jarred upon his musings and the dream mists that had gathered about him were scattered.

"Well, Mr. Bantry, this is cold enough for you, isn't it?"

He leaned out and saw it was the policeman.

"You're right, mate," he said gruffly; "it's a real old-fashioned Christmas, this is, for them as can afford to enjoy it."

"And your friend, Mr. Fennell, ain't going to be one of them," chuckled the policeman.

"No friend of mine!" snarled Mr. Bantry curtly.

"You've seen the papers last night?" the policeman continued. "All the speechifying's over, except the summing up. The judge is going to do that to-morrow, and by this time to-morrow night Mr. blooming clever Fennell will have got as much as he can do with. He'll have ten years. I said so at first, and you see if I ain't right."

As a matter of fact, the policeman proved to be a true prophet, but just then Mr. Bantry was in the humor to dispute his conclusions, even though they were also his own.

"Will he?" he grumbled scornfully. "He might if he was innocent. As often as not them sharps that's smart enough to swindle the public is smart enough to cheat the law."

"Bet you a bob he gets ten years," insisted the policeman.

"He ought to," Mr. Bantry agreed moodily. "I'd like to see him get twenty; he deserves them, cuss him, and if I was the judge he should have 'em. I wouldn't show the scoundrel any mercy, if I could have my way. As I wrote and told him nearly a year ago, I hoped I should live to see him down lower than I am. I'll never forgive him, the black-guard! Me, out on the streets at my age, doing a job like this. He ruined me and brought me to this, and, by George, I'll be in court to-morrow to hear him sentenced, and make him see that I see him. I never knowed I could hate any man like I hate him, blight him!"

"He's a bad lot; no mistake about that," said the policeman.

"And yet, you know," Mr. Bantry went on, after a pause, "there was a time when I admired that man and would pretty well have knocked down any fellow that said a word against him."

"Clever chap he's been: that's a fact."

"Not only clever," said Mr. Bantry: "there was something about him, you couldn't help liking him. He was never one of yer mean ones; nothing proud or stuck-up about him. Once when my missus was ill, he happened to hear about it from one of the other waiters, and he says to me, 'James, I'm glad to hear your wife's a little better. I thought you was worriting over something. Mustn't let her wait for nothing,' he says, 'and if that's any help to you'—there was a quaver in Mr. Bantry's tones, and he stopped to relight his pipe before he concluded, "and there was a fl'pun note in my hand and him bustlin' off out of the place afore I could so much as say thank yer."

"Ah," said the policeman, as if he hadn't heard this before. "Well, that's what I call decent. It isn't

the best people that's always the best-hearted."

"He mustn't 'ave got a sort of fancy to me, I suppose," Mr. Bantry resumed. "I waited on him reg'lar. He used to come to Musby's for his lunch every day—hardly ever missed—and he always sat at one o' my tables. I was used to his ways, knew his favorite wines, and which was the dishes he liked best. Very liberal he was, too. Always give me a two-shillin' tip, and when he went away for a month's holiday he says to me, 'James,' he says 'I shan't see you for four weeks, but here's your usual bit, in advance, and two shillin' over for luck,' and he drops two sovs. and a half into my hand."

"That's what I call a gentleman," declared the policeman, with emphasis. "All the same, how you come to let him do you out of your savin's I don't know. If I'd saved three hundred pound—"

"You don't know him," interrupted Mr. Bantry. "You'd only got to look at him and you couldn't help trustin' him. I never saw the man I liked better or respected more than him. I'd have told his word for anything. 'Mr. Fennell, I says to him one day, 'I've got three hundred pound put by, sir, and as soon as I can make it five, me and my wife are goin' to retire and start a small business in our native village.' 'Very sensible thing to do, James,' he says: 'I often wish I could get out o' London and settle down quiet like that,' he says. 'I'm thinkin', sir,' I says to him, 'I'll put my three hundred into that new copper company of yours that the papers are saying so much about. Seems to me,' I says, 'if I put it there I may turn it into double the amount inside of six months if I have luck."

"And what did he say to that?" inquired the policeman, stretching his hands over the agreeable warmth of the charcoal fire.

"Don't you do nothing of the



"DON'T YOU RIX NOBINS, JAMES. BIRD IN THE HAND, YOU KNOW THE SAY."

sort, James," he says. "Keep it in a safe place and you'll know you've got it. Don't you run no risks, James. Bird in the hand, you know," he says."

"Oh, well, then, he didn't advise you to do it," observed the policeman.

"He laughed in his easy-goin' way," said Mr. Bantry, "as if he was fokin', but how was I to know? It isn't what he advised me, but I'd grown to believe he was a real gentleman. I'd have trusted him with all I had. I did trust him. I looked up to that man, mate, and believed in him as I've never believed in anyone else, nor never shall. He was kind-hearted; he was rich; he was making money for himself, and my wife and me felt we couldn't do better than trust him with our money and let him make more of it for us. Well I did it. Every penny I put

into that copper company, and it went all right for a while, and I was thinkin' of sellin' my shares at a big profit, when all of a sudden the crash came and everything was gone. I suppose I went mad, like a lot of others did. If I'd seen Mr. Pennell, I felt like murder, I can tell you. But he kept away from Musby's. There was a deal or talk then of prosecutin' him, but it blew over by degrees, and now this other company he's mixed up with has gone same as the copper one, and this time they've got him, hang him, and I hope they'll make him smart for it."

"They will. You take my word for that."

"I've never set eyes on him since that crash. I wrote to him. I cursed him and the day I met him and told him he was a thief and a scoundrel and had ruined me and

broke my wife's heart," said Mr. Bantry, the smouldering wrath in him blazing afresh; "but he never so much as answered it. He took no notice. He'd got my money, and he didn't care a curse about me—I might die in the gutter for all he cared. And I came pretty near it. My wife died; I fell ill with rheumatic fever, and a man's no good as a waiter when he can't stand straight and ain't steady in his hands or quick on his feet. That's how I was when I got better, and if I hadn't dropped into this watchman job just in time I should have had to go into the workhouse. That's what he done for me, the blighter. I'm goin' to be in court to-morrow and shout 'Hear! hear!' when he's sentenced, if they chuck me out for it. Wish I could have come across him. I'd do happy if I could have the chance of tellin' him what I think of him—my word! I doubt if I'd be able to keep my hands off him even. I'd have done anything for him one time. I liked him that much and thought that much of him; but now he's the one man on God's earth I hate and despise, and if I could save his life by holdin' up my little finger I wouldn't do it. I'll never forgive him—never! — and you can't wonder."

"Same here, if he'd done me like he has you," admitted the policeman. "But the jury'll give him beans to-morrow. He's out on bail agen to-day, but he may make the most of his freedom. He won't have no Christmas pudding." The policeman chuckled grimly. "Well—so long, Mr. Bantry. Hope you'll have a good time readin' his sentence in the papers to-morrow."

He laughed and departed on his best unheard, because of the snow, and for the next hour or more Mr. Bantry, smoking thoughtfully and staring into the red heart of his fire, was unconsciously softened by the music and singing and the thin

lonely, appealing cry of the preacher, which came intermittently from the church and mingled with his musings.

He brooded so whilst the fatal voluntary was playing; whilst the people streamed out into the shrewd night air and travelled up the road homewards; he saw the parson stroll off with a group of chattering strollers; then the lights were extinguished within the building; the angels vanished from the stained-glass windows; there was a noise of locking doors; and the verger appeared, to linger and thaw his fingers at the fire, and to wish Mr. Bantry good-night and a Merry Christmas before he hobbled away on the road to his supper.

Little by little thereafter the street settled down for the night. One after another lights went out in the houses on this side of the way and on that side of the way, till the frosty glint of the stars and of the street lamps, the glimmer of lanterns on the fencing, and the steady glow of the fire in its perforated bucket were the only lights that remained. Reluctant passers-by became fewer, and when nobody had passed for fully an hour Mr. Bantry played with a self-pitying illusion that everybody had at length gone to bed and he had the world of night to himself.

He smoked and dozed. He dreamed comfortably, waking and asleep. And waking from one of his naps, he thrilled to certain reedy, wistful, solemn strains that waivered somewhere far-off in the darkness; he sat listening to them, strangely subdued and uplifted with unwonted motions. The music ceased; to commence again presently nearer to him; then ceased, and recommenced farther off than ever; ended, and was heard no more.

Nothing but the waits. He knew that well enough, yet it moved him and filled him with pensive, kinderlier

thoughts, as if a door had been opened in heaven and those drifting strains had floated down and entered into him like the spirit of his happier days. Later, he woke again to a flutter of voices in the air—a slow, quiet swell of voices blending in a quaint, familiar, old-time carol that he knew so well and that spoke to him of such sacred half-forgotten memories as made his heart ache and brought tears smarting under his eyelids; so that when the singing also had been re-absorbed into the silence he no longer felt that he had the night to himself, but as if the clear, keen atmosphere were populous with gracious spirits of Christmas and with friendly unseen presences that were returning to him out of his past.

The sense of being thus haunted became so acute as to make him uneasy, and, attempting to shake it off, he rose and trimmed his lamps, then put a pan on the fire and proceeded to fry some sausages, and the doing of these homely businesses was fast restoring him to an earthier, more matter-of-fact condition, when he was aware of a shrinking shadow that had come noiselessly over the snow and was hesitating close by him, and the second glance he gave at it brought back upon him irresistibly that curious apprehension he had been fighting against of the ghostly unreality of his surroundings.

Shuffling absently, almost blindly, forward into the red gleam of the fire, the shadow resolved itself into a wan and weary old man, bent and white-bearded, and with shakine, gaunt hands that he held pitifully to the warmth. He was well-dressed, wearing a tall hat and an overcoat, and for all his weariness and aspect of outcast misery he had the air and bearing of a gentleman. His mouth quavered, he trembled in every limb with the cold; he covered, reaching forward to the fire with a hunger for the heat of it that was horrible to wit-

ness, and was plainly oblivious of Mr. Bantry's proximity.

For a space Mr. Bantry watched him as if he could not credit his own eyes; then he broke from that trance and said, with an effort:

"A bitter bad night, sir."

But the stranger did not appear to hear him.

"You—you're tired—you're a bit done up, sir," said Mr. Bantry, raising his voice.

It was not, however, until he had twice repeated this that the other started and peered intently through the shimmering radiance above the fire, and Mr. Bantry's look and wrinkled visage growing evident to him, he made answer faintly and indifferently.

"I have walked too far. Yes—I am very tired."

"Excuse me, sir," Mr. Bantry's manner had undergone a subtle change in these last few minutes. He had become curiously diffident and deferential. "Perhaps you'd like to sit and rest, sir. It—it's nice and sheltered in the hut, and—and I'm sure you're welcome, sir."

He stammered awkwardly to a stop as the stranger, not grasping what was said to him, merely remained unresponsive, quaking and shuddering over the fire, he took him doubtfully by the arm and led him, dazed and unresisting, into the hut, where he promptly collapsed on the cramped bench, so completely exhausted that Mr. Bantry was nearly running in a panic for the nearest doctor; but on second thoughts stayed to chafe his bloodless hands, patted him round with spare socks, warmed some coffee in a small saucepan, and forced him to swallow it.

"Now, sir," he said, when the other yawned and sighed heavily and showed satisfactory signs of revival. "Sit quiet there, please sir, and if you'll allow me—"

He drew an empty box forward by way of table, and with the deft movements of long practice set forth

a meal of bread and sausages, and a second cup of steaming coffee. The mere carrying out of these homely offices seemed to awaken in him all the dormant instincts of his former profession. He was as brisk, as obsequious, as urbanely attentive as if he had been back amid the luxury and elegance of Mushy's waiting upon the most important and liberal of his customers. The sight of this footsore old man started some disused chord within him vibrating to its ancient music, and hovering about that lowly table, seeing this unprofitable diner, once he could be induced to make a beginning, eating ravenously, he found his hands trembling with a vague excitement, and could not away with a sort of lump that kept rising persistently in his throat.

Certainly the night was enchanted, and the Christmas spirit that was abroad had put such a spell upon things that nothing was what it seemed, and Mr. Bantry had a queer suspicion that any moment he might wake and discover it was only himself in the hut and he had been fast asleep. In the meantime, he was outside; and when it dawned on him that he was posed at the corner of the table, his hands clasped before him, and the cloth in which the viands had been wrapped depending across his left arm like an authentic napkin, it was all so in tune with what else was happening that he was not pricked with the absurdity of it, and did not even change his attitude.

No sooner were the knife and fork lying across the devastated plate and the coffee-cup empty than he whisked those articles aside, deposited them conveniently on the roof of the hut, and removed the table that his visitor might enjoy the whole generosity of the fire.

"That has done me good. I feel a different man," The old gentleman smiled wanly; and he was so much older and milder and more harm-

less than the sensational reports about him in the papers would have led you to anticipate that Mr. Bantry was dimly remorseful and troubled with elusive self-reproach. "You have been very kind indeed to me, my friend—I am deeply grateful."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," Mr. Bantry coughed and stammered apologetically, and added with mechanical precision, as if the resources of the establishment were by no means exhausted. "Anything else I can get you, sir?"

If the stranger had calmly ordered a bottle of champagne, or a real cigar, or a liqueur, in his then mood Mr. Bantry would scarcely have been surprised, however, greatly the request might have embarrassed him. But—

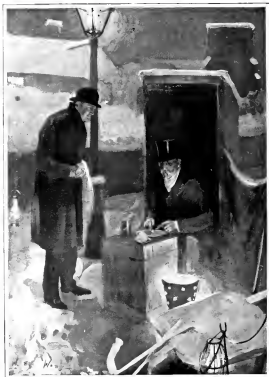
"I'm afraid," said the other, "I have eaten your supper. I am ashamed of myself—"

"Certainly not, sir," Mr. Bantry interrupted with polite decision. "Nothing of the sort, sir."

"I have walked a long way. I was so perished and exhausted," the visitor resumed, after a pause, "that I might have dropped and died in the snow if—I fancy it was the light of your fire that attracted me. I was passing the end of the street and caught sight of it, and it looked so tempting—I don't know why I came—it drew me—I felt like a man in a dream."

Which was exactly how Mr. Bantry was feeling himself, and when the clock, striking four, shocked the other into bestirring himself, and with earnest, confused, half-shame-faced renewals of his thanks, he pulled himself together and, after many reiterations of good-night, slipped a two-shilling piece into Mr. Bantry's reluctant palm, it seemed as if the dream must have come true.

For a minute Mr. Bantry stared at the customary tip as it lay shining in his hand, an impossible idea growing upon him that he had re-



"CERTAINLY THE NIGHT WAS ENCHANTED AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT THAT WAS ABROAD
HAD PUT SUCH A SPELL UPON THINGS THAT NOTHING WAS WHAT IT SEEMED."

ceived precisely the same sum from the same patron only yesterday; then on an abrupt impulse he overtook the retreating figure.

"Mr. Fennell, sir," he panted. "Excuse me, sir. Something I wanted to say to you, sir. I sent you a letter. I'm sorry I sent you that letter, sir. It was on the spur of the moment, as it might be, and it served me right you didn't answer. It was no business of mine—"

"Letter?—Why, you're not—dear me!" gasped the other regarding him betwixt alarm and wonder. "It—it isn't, James, is it?"

"James, sir, of Musby's."

"To be sure! And I never recognized you, James. Well, but I regret to see you, too, have been unfortunate. I did not know you had lost your post at—"

"No misfortune, sir. Doing very comfortable," Mr. Bantry asserted gruffly. "Had to give up waiting through rheumatics, but this suits me comfortable, sir, thank ye."

"Oh! I am very pleased to hear that, James. I thought—" Then, as if a remembrance flashed across him, "You read the papers, of course, James. You know, I am a good deal worried just now. In fact," he laughed ruefully, "it is this suspense, this waiting for to-morrow and fearing the worst must happen—it so got on my nerves I could not sleep. I was so miserable and restless that I went out early this morning—I suppose I ought to say yesterday morning now—and I've been walking the streets. I don't know where I have been or how far—very silly of me, I know, but—and so you are doing pretty well, James? I'm very pleased."

"Quite well, sir," declared Mr. Bantry. "Nothing to complain of at all."

"Come! that's capital. But—this letter? What did you say about a letter to me?"

"That one I wrote to you, sir,

three years ago, just after the copper company went wrong."

"I don't remember it, James. Probably one of my secretaries opened it and never told me of it. Was it important? What made you write to me?"

"Nothing, sir," said Mr. Bantry, wishing now he had not spoken, and thrashing desperately round for an easy way out of his dilemma. "You was always very good to me, sir, and—I wrote—"

"You sympathized with me? Why that was like you, James. But I wish I had had the letter. He would put out his hand impulsively, and Mr. Bantry grasped it, yet could not disguise from himself that he was despicably unworthy of this kindness. "You knew me, James. You didn't believe, like everybody else, that I was a heartless rogue. I made a mess of things, but I never meant to wrong anyone. I've made a worse mess than ever in trying to put the other matter right. I was a fool and acted rashly, and if my rashness was a crime—I shall be paying for it after to-morrow. I'm grateful to you, James, for writing that letter. I assure you it comforts me to know you haven't been misjudging me like all the rest."

It was a hurried blundering; bewildering interview, and how Mr. Bantry contrived to get through it without disclosing the truth and betraying himself as the mere hypocrite that he was he did not know; but he managed it successfully, and Mr. Fennell gave him his hand again in saying good-bye and wished him a merry Christmas.

"Couldn't wish him the same," Mr. Bantry muttered remorsefully, ruminating on the event when he had regained the seclusion of his hut. "Hope he gets off. I don't believe he's guilty now I've seen him again. I'm more like a humbug than he is." He said it obstinately and in bullying defiance of himself.

"Shan't go to the court to-day, and

if that bloomin' policeman gives me any more of his jaw—"

"James!" A startled glance showed him Mr. Fennell gazing in upon him, haggard and agitated. "About that letter—You didn't put any money in any of my concerns, did you? It occurs to me—I don't think I ever heard your surname. You said something about the copper company. I hope you had nothing in that?"

"Me, sir? Not me, sir. Not a penny!" Mr. Bantry shouted it at him almost indignantly, in a horrible fear of being disbelieved. "I thought of it, but you advised me not to, so I didn't. I said that in my letter. I wrote to thank you, sir, for keeping me off it. No, sir, I've got my savings safe enough. I'm all right, sir."

"You're sure? Well, well, I'm glad that, James. I'm glad you are not another of my victims," he laughed dismally. "I've got more than enough to be sorry for—but—you are quite sure, James?"

He shook hands for the last time,

and was so plainly relieved and gladened that Mr. Bantry did not scruple to clinch his denial with an oath.

Then he was gone again. The saw muffled all sound of his going, and for a while Mr. Bantry sat immovable, fearing to change the expression of his features lest he should be lingering near and, returning smitten with new doubts, should catch him unawares. At length when he did venture to rise and lean warily out the white street stretched before his eyes lonely and still, and there was nobody within sight. So he thought about it freely whilst he made up his fire and trimmed his lamps, and having kneaded himself by degrees into his normal, everyday state of mind, he took the two-shilling piece from his pocket and contemplated it in the cold, ordinary twilight just before dawn.

"He'd have been hurt if I hadn't taken it," he said to himself. "Besides, I can hardly believe it, and if it wasn't for this 'ere tip bein' left in my hand I couldn't be sure I hadn't dreamt it all."



(Photos: Clarke and Hyde)

THE THREE PHASES OF THE "THROWER."

THIS IS THE SPOT WHERE JOSIAH WEDGWOOD SAT AND THREW HIS FIRST VASE, 1730; THIS WHERE IS THE IDENTICAL ONE USED BY HIM 120 YEARS AGO.

The Story of Wedgwood Pottery

By

E. M. TAIT

Value of Minutes

A MINUTE is a pretty good asset for the busy business man to reckon with. Minutes are worth millions. The New York Central system spends \$70,000,000 to facilitate traffic six to eight minutes on every train. Chicago Northwestern invests \$20,000,000 to save 20 minutes a day. The "hello" girls used to say "number please." The "please" was cut out. Time taken by operators in speaking that word "please" aggregated 642 hours a year. What are your minutes worth to you? They have a money value—figure it out.

CLOSE to the little railway station of Etruria in Staffordshire stands the most famous pottery in the world, a quaint, rambling conglomeration of low brick buildings which—save for the inevitable touch of time, and for the addition of the museums added some four years ago—remains just as it was built by Josiah Wedgwood in the eighteenth century. He named it "Etruria" after the birthplace of that old Etruscan art which he was destined to revive, in such perfection that his methods cannot be improved upon, and are exactly carried out to-day in the making of modern Wedgwood. The very vats in which he first mixed the amalgam for his Jasper and black basalt are still in use, and absolutely the only difference in the whole process is that

the raw materials are ground by machinery.

But before describing the different processes by which the characteristic Wedgwood ware is made, it is necessary to refer to the life story of Josiah Wedgwood, since, in some mysterious way, the personality of the grand old potter still seems to pervade the place that he built and the beautiful ware that bears his name. He came of a race of potters, though of his immediate forbears there is no record save the mere fact that they were working potters. Born in 1730, the thirteenth and youngest child of Thomas and Mary Wedgwood, Josiah took to the family trade at the early age of eleven years, and was put to work at the thrower's wheel. He must have inherited



(FROM: Charles Hyde)
A CASE OF FIGURES IN THE MUSEUM, REIMS TRIUMPH
AND BUSTS PREPARED IN THE DAYS OF
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD

"Hins of the proper craft, tricks of
the tool's true play,"

for in less than a year he rivaled and
surpassed the best workmen in the
neighborhood.

At that time the art of pottery was
at such a low ebb that it could scarcely
be dignified by the name of "art";
but from the first Josiah Wedgwood
was fired by the ambition to discover
the secret of the Etruscan potters, lost
since the dark days when the Huns,
the Goths and the Vandals laid Italy
waste, fifteen hundred years ago.

For many a year the secret evaded
him, but still he struggled on, always
handicapped by delicate health, for
while still a child (in his twelfth
year) he suffered from a severe at-
tack of smallpox, which left him with
an affection of one knee, later aggra-
vated by an accident, and eventually
necessitating amputation; and soon
after this operation the fear of blind-
ness fell on him, whereupon, dismay-
ed but undaunted, he eagerly instruc-
ed his beloved partner, Bentley, in
the mystery of "pott-making" as he
understood it.

Happily he was spared the tragedy
which loss of eyesight would have been
to him; nevertheless, it was yet twenty
years before he discovered the secret
which had eluded him for so long—
the making of the "Barberini black,"
now known as black basalt, and the
"Jasper" ware, which, adorned with
classic white porcelain designs in bas-
relief, has ever since been known as
characteristic "Wedgwood."

During those strenuous years he
made over six thousand "trials"! Most
of these, duly labeled in his own hand,
remain to this day, and are now en-
shrined in the museum at Etruria.

That secret of the jasper and black
basalt, discovered after such long and
painful endeavor, is naturally guarded
closely by Josiah Wedgwood's des-
cendants, but the raw ingredients lie
in heaps outside, as they were dump-
ed down from the adjacent wharf,
where the canal boats discharged
them. Dorset clay, china clay, Corn-



(FROM: Charles Hyde)
PLASTER MOULD TAKEN OFF THE ORIGINAL BAR-
BERINI TRIUMPH IN THE DAYS OF JOSIAH WED-
WOOD. ALSO PLASTER CAST TAKEN OFF OF MOULD



(FROM: Charles Hyde)
PART OF MUSEUM SHOWING PORTRAITS OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS WIFE
AND PEOPLE EMPLOYED OVER FIFTY YEARS

ish stones, and flint; there they lie,
rede and unpromising enough, though
destined to become—after sore trials
by fire and water, and again by fire—
things of exquisite grace and beauty,
fashioned by the hand of man.

In the big circular vats the amal-
gam is ground between great stones,
and churned up with water to the
consistence of thick cream; then it
is passed through sieves as fine as
"bolting cloth," solidified by hydrau-
lic pressure into rolls, which emerge
like huge sausages from a gigantic
sausage machine. The rolls are shod-
dered and borne off to yet another
trough-like machine, where they are
kneaded and mixed to the due consis-
tence. The clay is now in plastic,
shapeless lumps, ready for the potter.
The thrower's wheel is practically the
same to-day as in the dim ages when
men first began to fashion vessels of
clay upon it; still, to the uninitiated,
wonderful and mysterious in its work-
ing. The potter takes a lump of clay
from the "tender," the woman who

stands, with watchful eyes and ready
hands, in attendance on him. He
flings it on the whirling wheel, with a
free, graceful, apparently careless
movement, really with a precision that
can only be acquired with long prac-
tice. It rises up immediately in a kind
of cone shape, and the potter intently
guides and manipulates it, fashioning
it—with swiftness that seems incredi-
ble to the onlooker who sees the pro-
cess for the first time—to a vessel of
beauty and utility. "Hath not the pot-
ter power over the clay?"

The woman receives the crock from
his hands and sets it aside. If it be
jasper ware, it is removed in a mi-
nute or two, and stands on a trestle in
the open air for a certain time, so
that it may harden a little, without
becoming dry. It is then "in order"
for the decoration. Grooves, stripes
or intagliated designs generally are
imparted by the beveller on a wheel
very similar to that of a lapidary. The
beveller also has a woman "tender,"
who works the wheel by means of a



(Photo: Clarke & Hyde)

TWO TRAYS OF TRIALS AND EXPERIMENTS OF JOSIAH WEDGWOOD. THE ONE TO THE RIGHT CONTAINS TEALS OF COLORED PIECES WHILE EXPERIMENTING FOR THE PORTLAND VASE. 181

big primitive-looking treadle, on which she balances herself, creating slow or fast revolutions in obedience to a glance from her fellow-worker.

Next comes the application of the relief designs in pure white porcelain. The designs are first cut in plaster of

Paris matrices, into which the porcelain clay is pressed, and scraped level with the surface of the matrix, with the blade of what looks like an ordinary table knife. Then it is manipulated deftly, and loosened with a small spatulate steel instrument, so that a smart tap deposits it on a slab of moist plaster of Paris, still soft, but as delicately clear cut as a fine cameo. Most of this casting is done by women and girls, though skilled workmen are employed both for casting and applying the more elaborate designs.

This is perhaps the most delicate and difficult operation of all; though, like everything that is well done, it appears so easy to the tyro. The surface of the vase or other article to be decorated is slightly moistened with a camel-hair brush dipped in water, the design is placed on, and gently pressed with the finger-tips till it adheres closely and firmly. The art lies in exerting sufficient pressure without in any way defacing the design, which is still in a quite soft state. The small detached designs that appear on cream jugs, match stands, salt cellars, and other small articles of the kind are applied by girls, who speedily acquire extraordinary dexterity. The swiftness and accuracy with which they attach the tiny cameos must be seen



(Photo: Clarke & Hyde)

THE METHOD OF SATING FIGURES ON CLAY SLABS. THIS FIGURINE HAS BEEN 50 YEARS WITH WEDGWOOD

to be believed. More important pieces such as large vases and plaques, demand the services of skilled craftsmen. Wedgwood's present "master craftsman" is Mr. Lovett, who has been employed at the pottery for over half a century, and whose portrait appears on page 79, where he is represented laying a figure on the clay slab in the same way as that employed in the eighteenth century by Josiah Wedgwood. There are, of course, others, all of whom have a very responsible work.

The decoration finished, the jasper ware is ready for firing. Each piece is placed carefully inside a large pan of coarse earthenware known as "sagger" (abbreviation of "safeguard"), and is packed round with fine white sand. The "saggers" are then placed in the great kiln, heated by eight furnaces, in such a manner that as many different degrees of temperature can be produced. Exactly the right period and temperature required by each article can be determined by experience only. The experts who attend to the firing seem to know by instinct that two articles, apparently exactly similar in shape and size, will require entirely different treatment. One may be left where it was first placed; an-

other may have to be shifted twice or thrice before the right result is obtained. In the furnace a great transformation is wrought. Most of the jasper ware, when it is placed in the "saggers," is practically one color—a greyish white. There is a scarcely discernible difference in color between the grounding and the applied design, except when the former is to be sage-green when finished. In that case the clay is a pretty pinkish mauve before firing, while the raised design is greyish white. But

during the firing the jasper assumes its permanent coloring, the characteristic Wedgwood shades, dark or light blue, lilac, or sage-green, with the pure white designs in clear relief.

The black basalt ware employed chiefly for busts, statuettes, candlesticks, and occasionally for teapots, pitchers, and so on, is made in an entirely different way, from a liquified amalgam that looks just like molten gun-metal, and is cast in plaster of Paris moulds, much after the manner of metal-casting.

The new museum at Etruria has become a kind of Mecca for connoisseurs of ceramics in general and of Wedgwood in particular; for it is stored with priceless treasures, the very existence of which was unsuspected until a few years ago. Then, in one of the rambling old buildings that constitute the pottery, certain relics were found; and a further search resulted in the discovery of practically every original design and model achieved by old Josiah Wedgwood and the glorious band of artists and craftsmen he gathered round him. Here was the work of Dalmazzoni and his pupil Pacetti; John Flaxman and his friend and comrade John de Vere, whose work is so similar that even ex-



(Photo: Wedgwood)

ONE OF THE OLD VASES MADE AT THE POTTERY OF ETRURIA, WORKED BY 181

perts are fain to attribute certain designs to one or the other, since they cannot discriminate between them; Joachim Smith, the portrait modeler; James Tassie, who began life as a stonemason in Glasgow, and whom old Josiah eulogized as "an admirable artist and an honorable man, whom it is a credit to emulate"; that strange, complex, erratic creature, John Vasez, a modern Daedalus in his genius; and Henry Webber, the friend of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by whom he was introduced to Josiah Wedgwood, to become, in time, the grand old potter's right-hand man, and the person primarily responsible for the Wedgwood *chef-d'œuvre*, the famous replica of the Barberini or Portland Vase.

Among the treasures now enshrined in the museum—all in a perfect state of preservation—are the wax originals of "The Dancing Hours," first designed for a mantle frieze, but afterwards adapted to plaques and vases. Here, too, are "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," "Apollo and the Nine Muses," "The Apotheosis of Homer," the Wine and Water Ewers, and two curiously interesting bas-reliefs, in commemoration of the Commercial Treaty with France in 1789, that have been recently and appropriately used in view of our present *entente cordiale* with France. All these are by Flaxman, and, in addition, are Pacetti's "Prometheus," "Endymion," and "Priam before Achilles"; de Vere's "Rage of Proserpine"—a magnificent piece of work; as well as the original matrices cast for these, by the same artists. Here are Tassie's molds for the Portland Vase, cast from those made by Peckler, the gem-engraver, while the vase is still in the possession of the Barberini family; these were only found a few days before the museum was opened; together with the

before-mentioned six thousand trials made by old Josiah, each labeled and annotated in his own handwriting.

The reproduction of this vase, the most perfect specimen of old Etruscan art extant, was considered by Josiah Wedgwood the crowning event in his career. The original vase was discovered early in the seventeenth century by some workmen who, digging near Monte del Grano, came across a vault containing a superb sarcophagus, within which was the vase, evidently a sepulchral urn, enshrining the ashes of some lady of quality, probably one of the daughters of Marcus Aurelius and his notorious spouse Faustina. The vase became the property of the Barberini family, and was the gem of their priceless collection for considerably more than a century; when, on the dispersion of the Barberini treasures, it was purchased in Rome by Sir William Hamilton, and sold by him to the then Dowager Duchess of Portland. After her death it was put up for sale in 1785, and bought in for a thousand guineas by the Duke of Portland, who immediately lent it to Josiah Wedgwood, in order that he might, if possible, copy it. This task for a considerable time appeared impossible, chiefly owing to the difficulty experienced in matching the "Barberini Black," of which the vase is composed. Webber, the modeller employed, was engaged for at least two years on the design, and by July, 1789, no perfect copy had been effected, though Josiah Wedgwood wrote hopefully at that date, "I begin to see my way to final completion of it." In the following October the first perfect replica was produced. This is now in the possession of the Portland family; while the original Barberini vase—usually designated the "Portland Vase"—is in the British Museum.



The Lighter Side of the Civil Service

THE way to get on in the Civil Service is to do as little as possible and to do it as quietly as possible. This was the advice given to a new clerk at the Home Office forty years ago.

An entertaining description of inside life in the Home Office is furnished by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B., in *Blackwoods*. He held the post of assistant secretary for Irish affairs and for a time occupied a temporary office "upstairs" among the clerks, where he had an opportunity of witnessing some amusing escapades.

Forty years ago work in the Home Office was light, and it was left to an indolent minority of the staff. Not a few of the clerks were habitual idlers. The office hours were from 11 to 5. It was a colonial 11 and a colonial 5, and much of the interesting time was devoted to lazeabout, gossip, and the promiscuous nature of public servants also claimed attention, such as, for instance, the future of public men who happened to be then seeking safe refuge. Whether Sir George Trevelyan or Sir Charles Dilke was destined to be the future leader of the Liberal party was a frequent subject of discussion. And as a relief from such grave questions, late was made as to whether some vehicles would pass up the street or down the street within a specified time, or as to the color of the horses.

Sir Robert tells how one elderly

clerk spent most of his time in dodging his dogs, and, as the building was like a rabbit-warren, he succeeded in evading them with considerable ease.

"Making hay" is a man's room was one of the stock amusements. On coming back from business one day I found every movable article of every kind which my room contained piled up on my table, and Lord Granville's Private Secretary—Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Maude—standing in the middle of the floor surveying the proceed. He had called on some important Foreign Office business. This was no more for me. I told so tales, but I represented to the Chief that I found it very inconvenient to be upstairs, and a room on the main floor was again assigned to me.

The charm of life in the office was undoubtedly the personnel of the clerks. There was a cheery atmosphere of good comradeship about the place, that often bubbled over in an incident like the following:

On my arrival one morning I found a note from Sir James Ferguson's Private Secretary—his Eminence called him "Dever"—saying that at 3 o'clock precisely an old hat, lately the property of the Chief Clerk, would be taken off from the end of the corridor, and requesting the favor of my presence. When Sir Dever struck three I heard "Crown!" sharp voice ring out, "All on side! Play!" We all turned out, and the game began. On coming from an va-



usually had "arrangements," I became conscious of the presence of a stranger at my side, a small little Frenchman, who anxiously inquired, "Is de do offer for de international?" It was I.

All this was half a century ago and Sir Robert indicates that conditions are very different in the Home Office nowadays.

The Coming British General Election

THE English magazines, as might be anticipated, are full of articles prepared in view of the coming election. The most significant of these utterances is the demand made by J. Ellis Barker, that the Unionists must outbid the Liberals in breaking up the land system and passing what used to be described as Socialistic legislation. Of course, all Protectionists are Socialists in principle, so far as they recognize the duty of the state to undertake the control of the business of the nation, but there are few who go with Mr. Elsbacher in demanding Socialistic legislation at home. In the *Fortnightly Review* he clamors for the issue of a Unionist manifesto, which is to democratize the Unionist party on Socialist lines:

It is felt that the State should secure the workers whose strikes down with starvation, cold, age, and disease.

The Unionist Manifesto should appeal . . . to the interests of the individual and bid him support a policy which should improve his employment, raise his wages, secure him against misfortune, enable him to buy a cottage and land which will be his and his children's for ever—a policy which should make him the happier, better, wealthier, and happier than he is now. It is most desirable that the Government should enable every respectable worker in town and country who wishes to acquire a piece of the land on which he works at the cottage in which he lives to do so.

As Mr. Elsbacher estimates that five millions must be supplied with the piece of land, the doom of large landed estates would seem to be near.

Fabian Ware writes in the *Nineteenth Century* and *After* to bewail the change that has come over the prospect of tariff reform. Six months ago, he says, its victory seemed assured, the Stalwarts were carrying all before them. But their hands were tied

by the concessions they had made in their acceptance of Mr. Balfour's Birmingham formula. The Unionist Free Traders have gained where the Tariff Reformers have lost. The Liberals advanced their budget. Instead of meeting that with tariff reform, the Unionist Free Traders proposed no positive constructive policy, but appealed to anti-Socialism. The Liberals had succeeded in breaking up the union of classes which the Tariff Reformers had begun. Rot set in on the Unionist side:

The Liberal strategy met with brilliant success; it wiped out the past record of unparalled blunders, and the confidence with which the Government's collective intelligence had been formerly treated by Tariff Reformers was turned into respect. It had been ordered to undermine the union of classes achieved by Tariff Reformers, and it succeeded indeed in widening repugnance. People rejoined against Tariff Reformers. The adherents of class interests raised its head among Unionists; it sought for support wherever it could be found and in whatever parts; in a few weeks more money was collected for his defense than had been at the disposal of Mr. Cobden in the early days of his great Free Trade campaign. Tariff Reformers saw the Unionist party falling away from their cause, and in the danger of the moment joined in the general scramble for "unity."

Tariff reform was for the moment side-tracked. It was saved, if it has been saved, by the Liberals overreaching themselves in their tactics. The Budget League taught the Budget Protest League its lesson, and the latter adopted tariff reform. But the mischief had been done. In the approaching general election the writer urges that Tariff Reformers must insist on a full acceptance of their principles. They may find the Unionist party fall them again. They must be prepared for such a contingency.

Mr. W. S. Lilly, in a paper entitled, "Eyes and No Eyes," in the *Portland Review*, says:

The present industrial chaos is due to the lack of organic unity. The task which lies before us is the reuniting of that unity. Accordingly the State may, by apt legislation, do much for such reuniting.

He makes six suggestions, viz.:

1. The systematic organization of industrial society—organization based on economic principle, common aim, common duties, common interests.

2. The State should effectively interfere in industrial contracts for the protection of those who are unable to protect themselves.

3. The State should regulate prices when monopolies arise, and all public utilities, such as roads, canals, railways, telegraphs, telephones, waterworks, gas and electric lighting, should be owned by the State.

4. Strict license should be based on the principle of equality of sacrifice, and graduated accordingly; indirect taxation should fall, not on necessities but on luxuries.

5. The State should appropriate the unearned increment of land.

6. Speculation in stocks and shares should be put down as criminal.

Making the Lightning Hustle

A most interesting description of a wonderful automatic telegraph system, the invention of Patrick B. Delany, of East Orange, is contributed to the *Railroad Man's Magazine*, by Charles C. Andrews. By means of this system eight thousand words a minute have been sent over a line having an artificial resistance equivalent to that in a line between Buffalo and New York, which is to say, that the whole of the matter on the front page of a metropolitan daily could be transmitted from one city to the other, while sixty seconds are being ticked off.

A company to exploit the Delany invention has been organized and is known as the "Telepost" Company, for the messages gathered by messengers or otherwise are to be sent over the wires and delivered at the other end by mail.

The first telepost line was opened between Boston and Portland, Maine, and intermediate points October 15, 1906. The service made a hit at once, and since then the system has been expanding steadily, wherever the company could buy a place to set a pole without appearing to want to do so.

The essential feature of the Delany system is the use of the polarized tape, which can be powered by any number of operators and fed through the automatic audiotransmitter at a very high speed. This device, nearly as old as the telegraph itself, has been worn thousands

by the hosts of inventors who have made use of it. But Delany gave this backspun idea a new twist.

Instead of pouring the message into the tape with pliers-driven blows, as is done in the Wheatstone system, still used in England, the operator writes on the Delany tape on a machine with a keyboard exactly like that of a typewriter, and he doesn't hit the keys any harder than he would those of a typewriter. Thus any typewriter girl in a ready-made telegraph operator, who can prepare messages to be sent in a telepost office ready for the transmitting machine.

At the telepost office the tape is run between some little brass wheels on the side of a polished mahogany box, about as big as an everyday volume set on edge. Bits of iron wire are kept in contact with the tape by springs. These drop through the perforations, closing an electric circuit and sending an impulse over the wire.

The perforations are in a double row. Two sides by side send a dot; when the two are at an angle they make a dash. A fifty-word message shoots through the machine with a "zip," while the operator is getting ready to watch it.

At the receiving end the message is automatically recorded on another tape, either in Morse dots and dashes or in perforations. In the former case the tape is moistened with a chemical solution. Every electric impulse brings an iron wire in contact with the wet tape, and makes an indelible hole, which will not blot or run into its neighbor's.

A single wire will keep eighty-two persons busy with the Delany system, forty transmitting messages for transmission, forty others transcribing them by typewriter, and two attending machines.

The Unpleasant Habit of Belittling Others

IN *Success Magazine*, Orison Swett Marlow attacks the man of mean and ungenerous disposition, who has acquired the habit of belittling the achievements of all around him.

The habit of belittling is a confession of weakness, of inferiority, of a small, paltry, envious nature; a confession that one's life is not well passed, well balanced. The largeness of mind and soul has no room for jealousy, for the belittling spirit. It magnifies the good and diminishes the bad.

A spirit of generosity and kindness is an indication of greatness of soul. Jealousy, envy, a disposition to keep from others the credit which belongs to them, are marks of a small nature, a petulant mentality. A kindly spirit always recognizes largeness of nature, breadth of character. The man who belittles a competitor, who maintains a mean silence when he should praise, only testifies to the world his own weakness and stagnation of soul. A man with a really large nature is generous, charitable, even to his enemy.

The belittler does not realize that in disparaging others, he is discounting the achievements of his own life. He is exposing the limitations of his own soul, the smallness of his nature, and not only that, but all the time he is making the person he is talking to think less of him. We

little imagine that when we draw a picture of others we draw one of ourselves. A small, mean soul will only draw mean things in another. A really great nature sees only the good qualities of others.

Unfortunately, men of great ability who have been distinguished for brilliant intellectual gifts, often assume courage and tenacity of purpose, men who have really done big things, have frequently been fixated in jealousy and envious of others, especially those in the same profession or business as themselves.

Many singers and actors—well, I am sorry to say, some clergymen—suffer from professional jealousy. They are pained by hearing others in their profession praised. This jealousy is perhaps more characteristic of professional people generally than of business people.

I have a clergyman who would be very popular and successful if he were only kind enough to see the good in his brother clergyman, but he is not. He is always complaining that his brother and his brother of men who are gaining in popularity. If any one points another clergyman, "Yes," he will say, "he is a pretty good man, but he is not always absolutely accurate, reliable, in his statements," or, "He is very true in his own little 'parsonage' because he is a great lover of himself"; or he will make some other nasty, belittling remark.

the whole of Canadian jurisprudence, and when he speaks, it is as one with authority. In an honest sense, when the death penalty has to be enforced, no mounted policeman may have to set an example, and therefore and never.

"All this I leave without any special evasion, explanation, or secret reservation. He help me, God,"—with these impressive words he took the service of the mounted police and owed loyalty to his majesty Edward VII. It was not prospective wealth that tempted a man to become an empire-builder in this mounted force of Greater Canada. "So hard is her service, poor her payment."

The newly recruited constables give sixty cents a day. The term of engagement is five years, and he may look forward to re-engagement on a second term, with a staff-sergeant's pay of from \$1.00 to \$1.25 a day to work up to. Recruits must be between the ages of twenty-two and forty, active men of thoroughly sound constitution and possessed of certificates of exemplary character. They must be able to read and write in either English or French, understand horses, ride well, measure up to the minimum height of five feet eight inches, have a chest measurement of thirty-five inches, weigh at least 145 pounds, and be unaccompanied with a wife.

A Model Industrial Village

In the *Magazine of Commerce* Dr. C. R. Hennings describes the model village laid out at Leverkusen, on the Rhine, not far from Cologne, by the Farbenfabriken Company, which manufactures practically all the most important dyes, photographic materials, and many synthetic drugs of the greatest value. The firm employs 6,000 workmen, besides 1,700 officials, 220 of whom are trained analytical chemists. The Welfare Department has become so large as to necessitate the employment of a special staff.

The number of workmen's dwellings now amounts to about 750, and is being increased every year by about twenty. Each house is suitable for four tenants, so provision is made for 3,000 separate families. Each house is surrounded by a garden. The rent is \$55, per room per year. Supervision is entrusted to a committee consisting of officials and workmen. Co-operative stores supply provisions, and yield a dividend of ten per cent. Two bachelor homes, each occupied by about four hundred unmarried workmen, supply cheap and healthy quarters at from 25¢ to 4¢ a day, with breakfast, dinner and supper at 10¢ a day. For workmen not living on the premises a dining-hall serves a good dinner for 4¢. A refreshment-room attached furnishes victuals and non-alcoholic beverages. Foremen pay \$18 per annum rent.

To every manufacturing department baths are attached. There are swimming baths on the Rhine for men, and for women and children. Free medical attendance is granted to the workmen and their relatives. Workmen's wives are treated entirely free at the Maternity Home. At the Girls' Home workwomen can obtain board and residence at low cost. A house of recreation is provided for workmen, including a banqueting hall, seating 1,200 persons, with refreshment-rooms, ball-rooms, a reading-room, and skittle-grounds. Sons of workmen are trained, practically and theoretically, in a workshop for apprentices connected with the finishing school. A progressive society provides a course of instruction by fully qualified lecturers. The dramatic side is a special feature.

A special manager presides over the whole educational system, including a library comprising 12,000 volumes, which is used by 32 per cent. of the workmen, 98 per cent. of the officials. Natural science and travel are the most popular works. Eighty thousand books circulated in 1907, averaging forty-two books per head for the year. Women share in all these advantages equally with men. Special instruction is provided for the children. Boys are taught horticulture, girls needlework. A Ladies' Benevolent Association looks after the sick and

An Eulogy of the North West Mounted Police

Agnes Deans Cameron eulogizes the Royal Northwest Mounted Police force of Canada in the *Century Magazine*. She points out that it is the boast of the service that they seldom "get into print." In consequence, less is known about them than would otherwise be the case.

The service is a combination of all sorts and conditions of men blown together by the winds of the wide of heaven. In the ranks we find western bronco-buster, eastern big game hunter, unsung heroes, and the like. The Imperial service, side by side with the French-Canadian here "Ten days before October." Two years the roll-call of one troop included in the rank and file a son of a colonial governor, a grandson of a major-general, a medical student from Dublin, an Oxford M. A., a true descendant of the Imperial force and half a dozen others.

Some, far away, were a son of Charles Dickens did honorable service with this force, and there served beside him a railway

down and the brother of a Yorkshire baronet. Several of the full privates have trodden away in the bottom of their moccasins medals won in South Africa, Egypt and Afghanistan, but the best legion of gentlemen-rangers preponderates, and it is English and Cambridge cut here on the western prairies that set the fashion in drill and manners.

A description of the work of the force follows, and it is plain to be seen that the mounted policeman has no sinecure.

An officer of the mounted police is not an exponent of the law; he is the law itself. When he rides his caprice to foot-hill camp or through on snow-drifts the more north track of the trooper, he goes clad with the authority of justice. He prescribes order, but he also makes arrests; he tries offenders in his own courts, and then escorts the man upon whom sentence has fallen to a prison of his own making, where the ambassador may be incarcerated for two days or thirty years. Back of that slight, silent, standard rider is the strong arm of England and

needy, the widows and orphans. An orchestra has been organized for men and boys, a glee club, a string band, gymnasium, etc.

To the pension system the employers contribute one-third, the employees two-thirds. Workmen receive a long-service premium amounting to £51. after twenty-five years, and £400 after fifty years' service. There

is also a pension fund for workmen who have become unfit, which amounts to £100,000. The Welfare Department cost the firm in 1908 £20,000, only one-seventh of which was required by Government. The main motive of the firm is to educate and keep a staff of employees whose interest in life is bound up with the success of the firm.

The Greatest Nickel Mine in the World

A description of what is claimed to be the greatest nickel mine in the world appears in *East and West*. The mine is located at Creighton, about twelve miles west of Sudbury. Creigh-

ton Mine is very widely famed, being, indeed, the greatest nickel ore deposit known in the world. It is claimed that about two-thirds of the whole world's supply of nickel is mined there.

So that, when we consider that by far the greater part of nickel used at the present time is utilized in making armor-plate for the great battle-ships, we begin to understand how dependent the little population of Creighton is upon the aggressive naval policies of the powers of Europe, and the other ambitious nations of the present day.

Electrical power is used in mining, transmitted from the High Falls, about twenty miles west. The power house, with its motors, powerful apparatus, is an interesting spot for anyone who likes machinery. The warehouse and office building is of red brick and is spacious and well lighted. The "dry," or "clearing-up" room for the employees, is a feature very worthy of mention. This "dry" is a large, well-lighted, brick building, in which each employee may procure a roomy and well-ventilated locker for his changes of clothing. Then, conveniently situated, are several long enameled troughs supplied with hot and cold water, and, perhaps best of

all, at one end of the building are several refreshing shower baths, a luxury which we students have learned to prize in our university gymnasium.

The rock-houses, two in number, are high frame structures at the edge of the pit, into which the ore is raised from the mine in "skips," or little cars, which are hoisted up the inclined tracks shown in the picture. In the rock-house the ore is crushed, picked over, and loaded upon the railway cars, and then taken to the smelter near Sudbury. After the ore is crushed, it passes along on wide belts, close by which the rock pickers stand or sit to pick out the refuse rock, and

leave the richer pieces to pass on to the chutes, and into the railway cars beneath. As many as thirty cars of ore per day are shipped, and each car is worth about one thousand dollars to the company.

When one looks down to the dizzy depths of the open pit he can only form a very vague idea of its size. It is very large, and is now open to the third level, which means that the bottom of this open pit is three hundred feet below the surface. There is still another level below this, hidden from the daylight, and extending another hundred feet into the bosom of the earth.

Death and the Dollar

As a means of preventing poverty and a method by which families bereaved by the death of the producing member may not become objects of charity, nothing has ever been devised in civilization which equals the power for good wielded by a well-managed life insurance company. With this powerful statement, William Frederick Dix advances the claims of life insurance in *Proctor's Magazine*. He points out that to-day there are more men of every walk of life who carry insurance policies than there were presidential voters last year.

Obviously enough, however, it seems to be human nature for a man to side-step the question of his financial insurance until he has been rejected and distressed and finally pushed into it. He gets his insurance the same way he gets religion: his soulmate has to be appealed to, and he finally takes the step in a moment of enthusiasm born of the efforts of others. After he has taken the step he is usually glad of it, but he is inclined at first to shy at the subject on the reason that, while he has an uncomfortable feeling that he really ought to look into the matter, he dreads to do so, fearing that the floodgates of eloquence of innumerable agents will be opened and he will find himself battling for breath in salt-water waters. The agent is a welcome caller when he carries the check to the new widow, but he is not always received with enthusiasm in the office of the busy man.

Mr. Dix shows that the reformations in management of a few years

ago has resulted in a decided lessening of the cost of insurance to the members of the companies concerned. In one company, for instance, the amount paid last year to its policy-holders was \$52,666,338. The amount paid five years ago was \$34,484,274, while the expenses of all kinds of conducting the business for 1908 were \$8,241,200, and the expenses, exclusive of taxes, five years ago, were \$16,440,428. The amount paid in dividends to policy-holders three years ago was \$4,173,350.19, and the amount which will be distributed this year (1909), will be \$11,002,282.38.

He concludes his article with some words of practical advice, which are well worth noting:

If you are a wary policy-holder, remember that life insurance is the greatest improved condition as it is adjusted to the needs of the man of small means as it is to the millionaire, and that the most sagacious business men in this country are the most liberal patrons of it. The man who is not so sure to carry insurance on his life as he is the clerk in his office. Do not allow any agent to persuade you to surrender your policy in one company in order to take out, through him, a policy in another company. He is not a money-maker, and it is a clever enough to make you think that you will profit by this process, write to your own company stating his proposition to them and get their side of the story before you yield to his sales. Remember that your home is your castle: that while you live you should defend



SKIPS LOADED WITH ORE AT THE BOTTOM OF A PIT

It and after death your life insurance should be a strong wall around it. You may explain to your wife that it is quite unnecessary for you to take out life insurance; she may use the force of your argument, but your wife will not. Remember that only six persons in each hundred who reach old age have enough to maintain them in comfort without the aid of relatives and friends. Are you sure that you are to be one of the six? Are you not lacking in imagination that you cannot picture to your self what will happen to your family when you, as breadwinner, cease breadwinning?

Remember that when a man of little or no inherited capital puts away \$50 in a savings bank he can add many more similar sums to it before he has \$1,000 laid by, and if he died before he reaches that sum, the amount he has

laid is all his estate gets. But if he puts \$50 in life insurance for a sum approximately that, depending on his age and the kind of policy he takes out, he has \$1,000 in the event of his estate at once, while his estate will surely suffice if he keeps up his annual payment of \$50 while he lives. And each payment he makes earns him credit as much interest as the savings bank gives him. In other words, if one hundred men determine to accumulate \$1,000 each by saving \$50 each year, and putting those savings in a savings bank, a portion of those men will exceed credit as before they have accumulated their share, while if they paid their \$50 each annually into a life insurance company, all of them, whether they lived for many years or died at once, would have for their families the thousand dollars.

The Social Queen of the World

UNDER the title of "The Social Hegemony of England," Sidney Whitman gives a notable bit of evidence in the *North American Review* as to the influence of England on the world, even in such matters as the cut of a coat or the vocabulary of sport. Mr. Whitman attributes what he calls England's Social Hegemony to two facts—first, that the foreigner until recently only knew England by the wealthy Englishmen, who traveled abroad; and, secondly, that to the distinguished foreign visitor England consists of the West-end of London, Cowes and country houses. There are, however, other causes:

The English language is extending its boundaries abroad in social and commercial directions. English has long been compulsory in Norwegian schools, and is about to become so in German grammar. In our day Englishmen have taken the place of Prussians in the personal favor of southern Royalty.

Finally, the English tongue is in daily use in more than half the Royal families of Europe, and English serves as the earliest teachers of their offspring.

Within the present generation England may be said to have secured and finally taken over the part of Master of Fashion. The American or the Hungarian aristocrat is never happier than when he is dressed up like an Englishman, looks like an Englishman, and is mistaken for one. If of high degree, he and his family in all probability speak English and read English papers. Their trainers, coachmen and valets are often Englishmen.

Every smart officer on the continent wears mufti made in London:

The clothes are English in cut; many of his shoes have their ornaments made in London, as an inspection of the leading West End tailors' cutting rooms, plainly shows; for within a stone's throw of Bond Street one is to be sure the portiers of half the Ambassador de Grèce. All that is left of the Crusades as regards "measuresments" may be imported here.

Continental water-games are overrun with English amateur athletes, in the same way as they used to be patronized by French, Spanish, Greek, and South-American "players" in the good old gambling days. There are the champion golf, croquet, and tennis players, striving about in their flannels and "knickerbockers." There is scarcely a harbor in Europe in which at some time of the year a steamship English private yacht, with its skip and crew, is not to be seen and admired.

The fascination which London has exercised of recent years upon foreigners of rank and wealth is one of the most striking features of the social dominion of England. An Ambassadorship in London which was once looked upon more or less as a penance by distinguished diplomatists, is now the greatest prize of the diplomatic service. London has displaced Paris as the centre of luxury and fashion, to which come during the season the rank and wealth of the whole world.

Has not a foreign monarch recently declared that he was in uncertainty whether he would not rather be an English country gentleman than a monarch in his own country? The entire flock of worship of their "betters" has not yet died out among the English people. The popularity of an English Duke of sporting proclivities is a thing unparalleled all the world over. England is as ideal resort for the foreign millionaire and his suite. He meets everywhere with a delicious "to rack and wait," on the part of the concubine at large, with which he has not been satisfied in his own country.



Getting Better Results from Salesman

By
JOHN LEE MAHIN

ALL I know about advertising I have learned as a practical every-day salesman. The word "Advertising" to me is always comprehended in the larger word "Salesmanship."

Salesmanship is bigger and broader than advertising, because it comprehends Personality plus Organization. Advertising is essentially an organized form of salesmanship and requires the co-operation of personality to make it effective. Organization in itself implies three fundamentals, Experience, Principles and System. Salesmanship can be organized and put on a scientific basis insofar as principles can be deduced from experience and a system of application of principles can be devised.

My first experience in writing an advertisement was for a man who sold tombstones. I had heard of special sales in connection with advertising and, knowing no better, suggested that he have one. The advertisement I wrote and ran for him enabled a quick-witted competitor to get out in the country and secure orders that had been promised for my customer because the other man insinuated that

he was selling out and called attention to the advertising he was doing as proof of the fact.

From this experience I acquired a working principle that any advertising a man did should be in harmony with his regular sales work and not be considered as something separate and apart from it.

Another experience that I had in conducting a country job printing office was in finding that one salesman with a pleasing personality, a fund of good stories and a hearty optimistic laugh, was outdistanced by a colder, quieter man who furnished me with samples of work that he picked up in his travels.

When he found out that I was interested in knowing the kind of work done by manufacturers elsewhere the quality of printing bought by merchants in other towns, he started to mail them to me and from these samples I got ideas by which I was able to increase my business with the manufacturers and merchants in my own city.

From this experience I deduce the fundamental principle that salesmanship added value to merchandise. In

other words, the quiet salesman's paper stock is worth more to me because with it I got effective selling ideas, than identically the same stock would be if I bought it from the other man.

I then and there learned the lesson that I could sell goods more easily and effectively if I considered what my possible customer would or could do with them rather than in telling how they were made or comparing in any way with those offered by competitors.

I also learned from this that price did not make the sale so much as an appeal to the buyer's imagination, showing him how he could use or enjoy what I had to sell him and convincing him that he really wanted it.

As price will always be a factor in sales work, it is of the utmost advantage that sales managers equip themselves with the most effective means by which they can meet, combat and overthrow the price question.

At this point advertising to the possible purchaser in advance of the call of the salesman comes in for the most serious consideration on the part of the sales manager. Assuming that a salesman, before completing the sale, must lead the customer through various stages of mental attitude toward what he has to sell—then anything that can save the salesman's time along this line, is of great advantage to him.

An idea expressed on a piece of paper can be circulated much more rapidly and economically than by word of mouth. So if it is possible for prospective purchasers to be gradually informed of many desirable features of an article before the salesman talks to him, the salesman's time is not only saved, but he becomes more proficient in that quality which alone determines his value, i.e., the actual making of sales.

Most of the every-day knowledge that people possess and most of the convictions upon which they base their every-day actions have been acquired unconsciously. Very few people can remember when they learned to talk.

Very few can say at what time or under what condition they learned the meaning of a certain word, yet, everybody knows that at one time he could neither think nor talk and that all the knowledge that he possesses was laboriously and gradually acquired by him.

The great power of advertisements is in getting into people's minds the ideas that they carry in such a way that people think they always had them. The man or woman who reads the daily paper and gradually forms an opinion on public topics, unconsciously absorbs as part of his or her every-day knowledge the statements contained in the advertising pages. In this way is acquired the impression that Gold Dust is a good washing powder and that its use would be economical and saving of time and effort because of the reiteration of the phrase, "Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work."

Men who have spent time and thought in trying to express an idea in the most simple and effective way, receive unmistakable proof of the power of advertisements when in every-day conversation they find people telling them their opinion of a certain article in exactly the same words which were used in describing them in the advertisement. The people do this and honestly think they are using their own language and voicing their own fundamental convictions.

For this reason I maintain that the sales manager should know the purpose that the advertising manager has in mind, the kind of people he is trying to reach, the quality of an impression that he intends to produce and the effect these impressions will have unconsciously on the minds of possible buyers.

With this information clear in his own mind, the sales manager should instruct his salesmen as to what can be expected of the advertising of the house and what in my opinion is much more important, *where it is absolutely essential for the salesman to con-*

trate his efforts to tie up the advertising with his general sales work.

Advertising that is intelligently directed to the final purchaser and that is used understandingly by a well organized and skillfully directed sales force, is practically invincible. The only way that I know of by which such advertising can be produced is by repeated conferences with everybody concerned in the formulation of a sales policy.

The actual writing of the advertisements or the illustrating of them is by no means as important as the developing of the ideas to be expressed in them. The only way that the importance of the ideas can be determined, is by carefully testing them and securing the judgment of those who have had actual experience in sales work.

There are many sales points that cannot be used in an advertisement because they must be directed to the individuality of the buyer. There are others everybody should know and these cannot be too strongly emphasized.

When these ideas have been developed and when they have been arranged in their logical order and it has been decided which are deserving of the most emphasis, it is time to write and illustrate the advertising copy and also to select the medium in which the advertisements are to be placed.

A salesman in the field fully advised as to the purpose of the advertising, campaign being conducted by his house, will be able to instantly recognize to what extent it has been effective in the minds of his possible customers. He can then save his time in not being compelled to go over the points that are already settled and he can concentrate his energies on those points which must be clinched before the sale can be made.

A salesman's time should be too valuable to do any of the work that can be done by an advertisement, and yet an advertisement cannot be always effective without intelligent co-

operation on the part of personal work of the sales manager and the salesman in the field.

In present-day selling methods, it may be truthfully stated that advertising is not on trial. Advertising has been demonstrated in too many lines and too many directions to waste any time in discussing the question, Is Advertising an Expense, or is it Advisable?

The only question before any business house to-day, is "How can we use advertising in OUR sales work?"

There is nothing about the power of printers' ink, or the circulation of different kinds of advertising mediums that really needs to be demonstrated because this information now is definite, positive and dependable. The only doubtful or experimental phase of an advertising campaign that is undertaken by any house, is the ability of that house to utilize the advertising to its advantage.

I assume that there is very little doubt in anybody's mind that a typewriting machine will do effective and economical work if placed in the proper hands. Personally, if I had to operate the typewriters in our own establishment, I would get very little use of them because I know I could express my ideas in longhand writing much quicker. I find, however, by dictating to a competent stenographer, who has been trained in the use of the typewriter, I get my letters written much more rapidly and they are read much more easily by those to whom they are sent.

An advertising campaign bears very much the same relation to the average business house. A man, to make intelligent use of advertising, does not need to know how to construct it any more than he knows how to make or even operate a typewriter. He should be able to test its results, not only after he has purchased it, but also to have some means by which he could determine in advance the quality of the advertising service which he employs.

Constructive ability is rare. It is

as scarce in the advertising field as in any other. Critical ability is much more plentiful.

A man can enjoy and comprehend and intelligently discriminate as to differences in execution in a musical composition whether he is able to perform it on a musical instrument or not.

The business man who buys advertising service of any kind, should consider its efficiency always by the tests whether it fits into his sales work or not. You may be interested in knowing the tests that we use ourselves everyday in determining whether the constructive work that we try to do comes up to the standard which we endeavor to constantly maintain.

So far as I have been able to determine, there are only ten fundamental tests of an advertisement which should be applied before it is published.

I do not mean by this that a study of these tests equips a man to prepare or write an advertisement. This work, like any other constructive work, has to depend upon inspiration, enthusiasm, and that something which finally comes to a man who does anything, the actual going ahead and doing it.

A man never learns to swim by learning the rules which are followed by a good swimmer. He simply strikes out and swims, but he unquestionably perfects himself and raises the standard of his performance by testing his work by standards that have become established.

No man ever became a salesman except by actually going out and persuading people to buy goods. Every salesman has unquestionably made himself a better salesman by carefully going over his work in his mind at the end of each day and deciding what fundamental principles, if any, he could deduce from his successes and what rules he could establish for avoiding failures another time, by carefully considering the circumstances which caused him to fail.

In this spirit the following tests are submitted to you.

HOW TO TEST AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Test No. 1.

Is It Natural?

Advertising space is a vehicle by which an advertiser's ideas are distributed to the readers.

That the identity of the sender may be immediately recognized, his message must be a natural expression of himself and reflect his personality.

So much advertising fails because the advertiser clothes his ideas in wording that is not at all consistent with his nature.

His best friends do not recognize him in his advertising garb, while those who do not know him, feel instinctively that he is masquerading.

The secret of a perfect photographic likeness is not an expensive camera, in the up-to-date equipment of a gallery, nor yet in the effective use of light.

It is the ability of the artist himself to command unconsciously the confidence of the sitter and the accurate gauge of his real character.

By it he overcomes the feeling of strangeness, the lack of poise in his subject, and catches him in a natural attitude. He can then transmit to a piece of paper a likeness of the man as he really is.

The best "copy" for a newspaper advertisement is simply the natural, sincere talk that a merchant uses in making a sale over his counter.

A copy writer must be able to impersonate the advertiser's personality and so express ideas in print that they are instantly recognized as a sincere message from the head of the business.

If he can make the reader feel in his "copy" that intangible something that pervades every successful commercial organization—he can be trusted with the work. If not, the head of the business had better prepare his own copy.

In a word, before sending a message to the people, through the columns of the newspaper, see if the thought and wording ring true as the natural expression of the advertiser.

Test No. 2.

Is It Specific?

An advertisement which does not bring out individual features of the store and of the article advertised is almost as much help to competitors as to the institution paying for the space.

On the other hand, an advertisement which exploits distinctive features exclusively, is likely to create an impression of freakishness—a feeling that the advertiser is placing undue emphasis on mere talking points.

The best test of whether an advertisement is specific or not, is to substitute the name of a competitor. If the advertisement is just as effective over the name of another house, individuality should be instilled into it.

A specific advertisement meets a condition squarely as it is, instead of dealing with it as it ought to be.

It should give a definite reason, to attract the prospective customer's immediate attention as well as to justify its appearance from the view point of the advertiser.

It should so concentrate attention on the article advertised that the reader is completely absorbed in and unconsciously obtains a clear comprehension of the story itself rather than impressed in any way by the manner in which it has been told.

If the cleverness of the "copy," the brilliancy of the language or the vividness of the illustration diverts the reader's attention from the article itself—the advertisement fails to fulfill its real purpose.

To produce an advertisement which is consistently specific often requires much time and thought.

The only way to accomplish this is to write it experimentally, and if it does not stand the test, keep on attempting and testing, until the desired result has been accomplished.

Test No. 3.

Is It Timely?

A storekeeper who permits dust and cobwebs to litter his store windows is no more wasteful than he who uses

space in a live, progressive medium merely to repeat a few hackneyed phrases in connection with his name and address.

The newspaper is the live merchant's most valuable display window. In it he should take care to exhibit by pictures and word painting his newest and most attractive stock.

There are always plenty of things that every advertiser can utilize to create and further the impression that he is strictly up-to-date; one of his most valuable assets.

Timely advertising inspires confidence in its readers that the advertisers is wide awake and ready to meet all emergencies.

It is not uncommon to see in provincial newspapers such absurd instances of untimeliness and public announcements of unprogressiveness as Ice Cream Freezers advertised in January or Heating Stoves in July.

Yet to be timely does not necessarily mean to make definite plans on the spur of the moment. Successful general advertisers forecast conditions, according to the seasons of the year and the general trend of events, and make plans months ahead.

The retailer should act on the same lines.

Such a procedure yields much more satisfactory results than a patch-work campaign, constructed from day to day in hit-or-miss fashion.

Should the advertiser wish to take advantage of some unusual event, it is very easy to substitute a piece of timely copy in harmony with what has appeared and what is to follow.

Timeliness involves an accurate insight into the trend of public opinion. But the public mind is fickle and in making advantage of prevalent conditions, the unnecessary incurring of prejudice must be guarded against.

See if your advertisement is in harmony with the times, the season and the day.

Test No. 4.

Is It Pertinent?

A publisher of a country newspaper had tried his hardest to interest a

piano and organ store in the use of space in his paper and was at his wit's end, when a former subscription solicitor, hearing of his quandary suggested some excellent "pertinent copy."

Instead of talking about how pianos and organs were made, or who made them, he headed his advertisement, "Why do the Boys Leave the Farm?"

He then went on to explain that to keep the boys on the farm, the home life should be made attractive with a piano or an organ, which the advertiser was ready to furnish.

An advertisement should deal with an article from the purchaser's standpoint. "How it is made?" is not so important to him as "What will it do for me?"

It is often well to cater to pretended motives, or subtly suggest the real ones.

Many a piano is bought for a larger purpose than to develop the musical talent of a family. The purchase actually marks their social advancement from the breadwinning state to the possession of some of the recognized luxuries.

Suggestion, recognized as a most potent factor in personal salesmanship is no less effectively utilized on the printed page.

A father who felt that the possession of a diamond would foster the love of display and extravagance in his daughter, would refuse to buy her one of the jewels.

Yet he would quickly change his decision if won over by the suggestion that in no other way could he make so concrete or permanent an expression of sentiment he entertained for her.

It is oftentimes a treacherous mental route that leads to the purse strings of the public.

In planning an advertising message, therefore, it is well to examine it from this point of view, "Is this copy adapted to the results I wish to secure?"

Test No. 5.

Is It Consistent?

An advertiser should make sure that

his "copy" is a perfect link in his chain of real selling policy.

To determine upon the character of the advertising in any particular medium, he should give careful thought to the following questions:

"What class of people read this publication?" "How best can I exploit my goods to them?" "What will they do when they read my advertising?" "What must I do to cash in to the best advantage on the impression I create in their minds?"

A cut price sale is a consistent procedure for one kind of a store but entirely inconsistent for another.

The writer of these articles discovered this fact in his first advertising effort—a mark down sale in tombstones.

On his regular fall trip a few weeks later the proprietor was astounded to learn that a number of sales promised him had gone to his competitor, who had deftly construed the advertising into an announcement that the advertiser was retiring from business.

The story of the "reasons" behind a store's policy—for instance; why bargain sales are not held—why high-priced goods are handled exclusively—often proves most profitable advertising.

It is wise for a merchant to impress upon patrons that he has a definite policy and stick to it.

Methods that bring success to one institution are ridiculously inconsistent for another to use. To exploit a bank in the extravagant superlatives of a circus publicity man would be absurd, and disastrous for the advertiser.

On the other hand some advertisers, in their fear of appearing undignified or sensational, actually say nothing in their announcements that is interesting.

Happy is the advertiser who early learns the lesson "How to be consistent and can consistently embody the quality in his advertising 'copy.'"

Test No. 6.

Is It Persistent?

A single advertisement, standing alone, cannot perhaps be said to possess within itself the quality of persistency of pertinacity. It can, however, form a part of and bear out a plan which a business house has adhered to strictly for years.

The trade-mark, or name of a house which is reproduced in publicity of an individual or characteristic style, indicates that each advertisement containing it is one of a series or that the use of advertising space is an established policy of the house.

In no other way can a merchant win confidence or establish so thorough a credit with the public as by advertising prudently and persistently.

Confidence is a plant of slow growth, but persistency is its sun, rain and fertilizer.

When the late Frank Cooper, of Siegel, Cooper & Co., was running a store in Peoria and needed \$50,000 he did not go to the bank for it. He frankly told the people that he wanted to raise this amount of money and got it by offering them inducements for immediate purchases.

Persistency in an advertiser is necessary to establish such a reputation with the people that he can command co-operation like this.

An advertiser establishes his character with the public the same as he does with his bank by persisting in making promises and never failing to fulfill them. A credit with the great general public is a very present help in time of need.

A persistent advertising campaign covering a period of three years in legitimate publications will seldom fail to produce a good will asset that is worth more to the advertiser than the entire amount spent in space during that time.

In preparing an advertisement, remember this quality of persistency—the fact that it is published as a part of a house's policy and will either build or break down prestige.

Test No. 7.

Is It Authoritative?

The men who lead the masses all possess one distinguishing characteristic.

No matter how illogical are their arguments or how fallacious are their conclusions, they are confident in their affirmations.

An authoritative tone must be assumed and maintained by the advertiser at all times and in all conditions.

It is impossible for an advertiser to inspire confidence in others without possessing it himself, and unless advertising is awarded the reader's confidence, the advertiser is wasting his money.

Yet too wanton an exhibition of confidence is dangerous. The advertiser must keep in close touch with the pulse of the public and know how much the people will stand in this line.

While everybody unconsciously acknowledges leadership to others in many ways in their daily contact with their fellow men, no one is happy in the consciousness of being forced.

The results of advertising depend upon voluntary actions on the part of free people, and threats, scares, or pessimistic utterances will never make friends or customers.

Public service corporations should educate the public to the many advantages they offer.

They could overcome much current prejudice against monopolies and add greatly to their popularity by asking the people for their patronage in a pleasing manner, without in any way sacrificing their confident or authoritative standing.

Optimism is a wonderful confidence-inspiring tonic. The optimist who is tempted by self-control, makes the best advertiser.

An advertiser who in pessimistic tones continually derides competition and insinuates that the people themselves cannot be trusted, destroys confidence and will not command a large success.

Let your advertising be authoritative—not the self-assuredness of the bully—but express a well regulated optimistic spirit of confidence.

Test No. 8.

Is It Institutional?

An institution is composed of individuals who have many thoughts in common.

The circulation of a successful publication is necessarily institutional in character.

A group of people cannot be constantly reading a single publication day after day without unconsciously accepting and at the same time influencing the institutional quality of the publication itself.

The business house that is well managed necessarily develops an established order of doing things which gives it an institutional character.

The best copy for an advertisement reflects not only the institutional quality of the business which it is promoting, but also takes cognizance in its appeal of the institutional traits of the readers of a publication.

While advertising is an organized form of salesmanship, because of its institutional quality it must necessarily place high premium upon personal, individual salesmanship, as it is dependent upon it to secure satisfactory results.

The advertisers can develop this institutional quality in their copy and intensify the personal sales power of their employees by encouraging suggestions from them.

In addition to their common interests as employees, each one is more or less closely connected with numerous institutional bodies, such as religious or political organizations. Their suggestions, therefore, are very broadening to the advertiser and reveal to him oftentimes new horizons of endeavor.

In this way the feeling of community of interest is fostered and the institutional idea in newspaper advertising is developed and emphasized to the highest possible degree.

An advertiser should test his "copy"

to see if it incorporates this potent quality—institutionalism.

Test No. 9.

Is It Plausible?

It is not enough that an advertiser tell the truth.

The reader of the advertisement must believe it before it can bring the advertiser any returns.

The fact that so many untruthful advertisements are plausible may explain their apparent success.

The highest art in writing newspaper "copy" is the ability to tell the whole truth in a plausible manner.

In other words, good newspaper "copy" is 100 per cent. salesmanship—Not 125 per cent. which overstates and which the wise buyer must discount to get the net value.

Nor is it 75 per cent., which is the weak refuge of negatively honest men. They endeavor to conceal their own shortcomings in not rising to 100 per cent. possibilities as salesmen, by decrying the 125 per cent. men, who really are no more potential.

100 per cent. salesmanship is ability to state in an interesting manner all the desirable features of an article which cause it to make good—and in addition to make the statement in a plausible manner.

Plausibility is often secured by the use of illustrations, incidents, or suggestive references to situations apparently similar, where a doubted point was ultimately accepted.

Yet this latter method involves the danger of bringing up doubt where none might have existed before.

That "copy" is plausible is the advertiser's best assurance that it will be read with credence. He should take care, therefore, that this important quality is not lacking in his newspaper advertising.

Test No. 10.

Is It Sincere?

During the recent financial flurry the public did not look for relief either to the muck-rakers or the comedians.

It is always the sincere men in this

world who take things as they find them and do their very best, that succeed best as advertisers.

The best advertisement is one which unconsciously influences a purchaser to buy, honestly feeling that he or she has acted on his or her own judgment.

The advertisement with an earnest and sincere message burning through it—no matter how crudely the idea may be expressed—will command a respectful hearing.

Senator Ingalls crowded the galleries when he made a speech, but his influence in legislation was nothing to that wielded by Senator Allison, whose simple sincerity won the confidence of all.

Test the sincerity of your advertisement by laying it on someone's desk with the simple request for frank criticism.

The first thing that is said by the person to whom you hand the advertisement will generally show what impression it creates of itself.

If comment is made on the appearance, the wording or the size, rather than the story you are telling, try again.

For immediate dollars-and-cents returns from advertising, plausibility can be placed before sincerity. Yet mere plausibility in advertising, no matter how skillfully it has been utilized, has not built one genuine success.

But plausibility backed by sincerity finds in the advertisement unlimited possibilities of expression for the creative spirit of this age of industrial activity.

In all advertising be particular to say just what you mean, and above all, mean what you say.

I fully realize that individuality of salesmanship is of such intense importance that any talk about organization or systematizing is liable to create the impression that I am advocating machine methods; that I am suggesting the making of machines out of men.

The fact that your organization is a sales managers' organization, con-

vinces me that you believe in systematizing and organizing saleswork as far as it is possible.

You have certainly listened to what I have had to say on this subject in the most patient manner and it has been an inspiration to me to be here and find a group of men, each of whom carry the weight of everyday responsibilities and yet you are taking time unselfishly to do work that will advance the standard of salesmanship generally.

Thanking you for the high honor which you have conferred upon me in asking me to appear before you, I will close with a little story which to my mind, illustrates the one point that I want to emphasize in this evening's talk. That thought is that the man who succeeds, no matter what he thinks on any subject; no matter what his ideas or methods are, must be judged finally by the one test that includes all the others, "Does he make good?"

A story of Dr. Webster and Dr. Hillis illustrates this "making good" idea. Dr. Hillis had a number of doctors in his congregation. It was a fashionable church, but it didn't get Dr. Webster. He didn't go to church at all, but had the reputation of "making good" in his practice. Mrs. Hillis was taken sick one day and became so very sick that her husband didn't want to take any chances, so he sent for Dr. Webster. He came, took care of Mrs. Hillis, and she recovered.

Dr. Hillis called and said to the physician: "Doctor, I owe you a great deal. I would like to know the amount of your bill. I will pay you fifty dollars on account to-day and the rest as soon as I can, but I want to know the total amount, so that I can make arrangements to do so."

Dr. Webster looked at him for a minute and his characteristic reply showed his appreciation of Dr. Hillis who "made good" in his own line, for he said: "I will tell you what I will do. I will keep Mrs. Hillis out of Heaven as long as I can, and you keep me out of Hell as long as you can."

Sharing, Benefit and Pension Plans of the International Harvester Company

By

GEO. W. PERKINS

IN the progress and development of American business methods there is probably no subject more worthy of attention than that of profit sharing; for profit sharing, insurance, pensions, welfare work, etc., are vital elements in the relations between capital and labor.

If, as many of us have come to believe, co-operation in business is taking and should take the place of ruthless competition—if this new order of things is better for capital and better for the consumer, then in order to succeed permanently it must demonstrate that it is better for the laborer; and if profit sharing, pensions, insurance, and the like, mean anything, they must mean co-operation between capital and labor—co-operation in the broadest, most helpful and enduring form.

Plans for profit sharing, pensions, and the like, are not new in American business. They have been tried off and on, here and there, in various forms, for a long time, and up to a few years ago many of them had fallen more or less short of success. It is my judgment that the reason for this can be found almost wholly in the fact that the unsuccessful plans did not embody a true, an honest, and a fair spirit of co-operation. A secret, perhaps almost an unconscious purpose, existed to benefit the business in question out of proportion to the labor employed in the business; and no such plan having such a purpose can

permanently succeed, for the selfish points in it will work to the surface sooner or later, and cause failure.

On the other hand, there should be no sentimental philanthropy about this great question. It is purely a business question. Profit sharing, pensions, and the like, from a pecuniary standpoint, are a profitable thing for a business and also for its labor, or for neither. No American, worthy of being called a man, wants something for nothing.

Because of the enormous growth of business affairs in the United States many business concerns have passed beyond the period where one man or even twelve men can keep a close supervision over all the branches of a given business undertaking. Now it goes without saying that no business will run itself—either in its executive functions or in the machines themselves at the factory or plant. In all the inventions and ingenuity that have been brought to bear on business affairs in the last quarter of a century, nothing has been found to take the place of the human mind. Nothing has been found to take the place of individual incentive to accomplish results. Nothing has been found to take the place of a man's ability to do—with proper incentive behind that ability—and no such substitute ever will be found. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to American business interests of to-day and to-morrow that every man in any given concern be so

associated with that concern that he will give the best there is in him to the performance of the duties assigned to him. There is a vast difference between the work that a human being performs in a perfunctory, machine-like manner, and the work that he performs with a keen, loyal interest in what he is doing; and in just this difference does success come to the individual and come to a large concern, if it be so fortunate as to have a force of individuals who are working with this spirit.

If profit sharing means anything, if providing for old age means anything, if caring for those who become ill or injured while in the service means anything, it should mean the fostering of the interest of men in their work, whether that work be sweeping out the office, shoveling coal, or presiding over a great commercial company. In short, it should mean real co-operation between stockholders, managers and employees.

The management of the International Harvester Company, its subsidiary and affiliated companies, believing in the above theories, set out several years ago to see how nearly it could come to applying them practically to its business. As a result it has devised and put into effect plans covering the following:

First—Profit sharing.

Second—Insurance, covering sickness, accident and death.

Third—Old age pensions.

Briefly stated, these three plans are as follows:

First—Profit sharing. The profit sharing is divided into two heads—the first one being a certain sum of money set aside by the company in cash out of its earnings each year—the size of the sum depending on the size of the company's profits—the percentage scale being stated. This is for immediate distribution in cash among the men who make a satisfactory showing for the year.

The distribution of the sales department's share in these profits is based upon two important points—

first, increase of sales; second, reduction of selling expense.

In the works, the profits are distributed for increased production, decreased cost, or a combination of both.

Employees in any branch of the company's service, showing marked ability during the year, are entitled to receive recognition under this profit sharing plan.

The second classification of profit sharing is the sale of the company's stock to its employees. This stock is purchased outright by the subscriber on an installment plan. The total amount that any employee is allowed to subscribe for is limited to the amount of his annual salary, and he cannot pay in excess of 25 per cent. of his salary in any one year; therefore, all are treated alike.

Twelve thousand five hundred shares of preferred stock and 14,000 shares of common stock were offered for sale last July at a price below the then market value. In addition to the regular dividends there is allowed a bonus of \$4 and \$3, respectively, on each share of the preferred and common stock, each year for five years—the only condition being that a man must be in good standing in the company's service during each of these years, have his stock, and either have paid or be paying for it. In such cases, as the men leave the company's service or discontinue paying for their stock, the company continues placing these \$4 and \$3 payments on such stock into a fund, and at the end of five years this fund will be divided among such subscribers as fully paid for their stock and remained in good standing in the company's service during the five-year period. The result of this plan, in a word, is that a man begins to buy a share of the company's stock at a price below the market value; he is allowed to pay for it in installments, paying 5 per cent. interest on deferred payments; he is credited with 7 per cent. dividends on the preferred stock and whatever dividends are declared on the com-

mon stock. In addition to this, he is credited with, respectively, \$4 and \$3 per share, each year, on the preferred and common stock, and at the end of five years receives a further benefit by way of a share in a fund made up of such \$4 and \$3 deposits as are made by the company on account of those who do not continue under the plan. It will be seen that this offers the men an exceedingly satisfactory form of investment in the business in which they are employed, and gives to the company the great advantage of anchoring its organization to the business.

The stock offered last summer was largely over-subscribed and the company to-day has over 4,300 employees as stockholders.

Second.—The Company's Benefit Plan. On Sept. 1st, 1908, the Employees' Benefit Association of the International Harvester Company was inaugurated. This association was organized for the men, and it is to-day run by the men. It is governed by a board of 30 trustees, one-half of whom are elected by ballot. The contributions are 2 per cent. of the employee's wages or salary, and the benefits derived are as follows: Two years' pay for death due to accident; one year's pay for death due to sickness, and half pay for disability due either to sickness or accident, etc.

The membership in this association is purely voluntary, and anyone joining and later receiving benefits is not required to waive any legal rights. That this may be a co-operative movement the company's share in the plan is an annual contribution of \$50,000 to this association, provided the average membership equals 75 per cent. of the employees in the factories and works. Over 75 per cent. have joined and therefore the company is making its contribution of \$50,000.

The best answer as to whether the men approve of this association is made by stating that 21,600 people are contributing members to it.

In the first fourteen months of its

existence over \$800,000 has been disbursed in benefits.

Third.—The Pension Plan. The pension plan was inaugurated as a recognition of long and faithful service. All employees 70 years of age and over, and who have worked for 20 years, are pensioned; while employees, who have reached the age of 65 years, may voluntarily apply for a pension. The minimum amount of pension is \$18 per month and the maximum \$100 per month. The company has not favored higher salaried employees at the expense of the laboring man. All pensions are figured on the same basis—that is, on the pay a man receives during his employment, and on his length of service; therefore, there are no inequalities in the amounts paid.

All the benefits and expense of the pension plan are borne by the company itself—no contribution of any kind or nature being made to this plan by the employees.

The company is also doing welfare work. It is called welfare work for lack of a better name. It is as much a business branch of the company as any other division. The important features of this work are protection against injury, sanitation, health, educational work, charities, recreation, etc. The welfare work is controlled by an advisory board, composed of the superintendents of all of the works, who, through an executive committee, dictate the welfare activities of the company. Special attention is given to protection against injury and to sanitation. The accident hazard can never be removed because of the human element; that is beyond the realm of possibility. Therefore, the company is trying to arrive at the point where the occupation is surrounded with every known safeguard and only the man is the hazard. The foreman of each department is impressed with the fact that he is the one who is responsible for the safety of his men, and by securing the co-operation of every one it is hoped to establish a standard that will be of

benefit and use to others. Improved sanitary conditions mean better health, and better health means better work—and this matter is having the constant attention of the company's managers of welfare.

In the year 1908 the Harvester Company spent about \$100,000 in its welfare work. This year it will probably spend a somewhat larger sum.

The company has been criticized by managers of other companies for making the plan above outlined too liberal and attractive. It has been said that the plans will be too expensive to the Harvester Company and that their cost will be very large. There is no doubt of the truth of this criticism insofar as the cost goes. No concern has ever put out plans that involved the application of so large a percentage of its profits to such plans. But the Harvester Company did not do this out of pure philanthropy. It had no intention of passing around a hat full of money, that employees might help themselves. It went into these enterprises in a purely business spirit, believing that the plans would so knit

its vast organization together, would so stimulate individual initiative, would so strengthen and develop the *esprit de corps* of the organization as to make it possible for the company to increase its business and its earnings—and with the spirit of being willing to share this increased success with its organization. So far the company has every reason to congratulate itself on the result. In all parts of the company's business, at home and abroad, in the office force, in the factories, in the sales department—everywhere, the average interest of the individual in the business is greater than formerly. The saving of the waste here, there and everywhere, is noticeable. The employees throughout the organization are vying with one another more and more to improve their respective branches of the business. This means profits for the stockholders, means extra compensation in various ways for the employees—in short, means co-operation that is real, that is beneficial to one and all.

The Loafer

AS I said before, God Himself cannot make a man or woman worthy of consideration except in the crucible of industry. Work is not a curse. Indolence is a beastly mother, breeding no high purpose and no sweet sentiments, nothing but the imps of selfishness. Earning one's bread by the sweat of one's brow—whether on the outside or the inside—is not a curse. God help the children of the rich, the poor can work. I have no patience with the rich loafer, I think much less of him than I do of the poor loafer, and I have no more respect for the female loafer than I have for the male loafer—a loafer is a loafer—nothing more need be said, nothing worse can be said.



THE COMPLETED BUILDING
YEARS WERE SPENT IN PLANNING THIS BUILDING BEFORE THE FIRST STONE WAS LAID

Planning an Office Building

By

G. B. VAN BLARICOM

SOME years ago a Chinaman, in an interview with a London newspaper, said that the main difference between the two races was that a Chinaman never knew what he was going to do next, while an Englishman always made his completed plans many months or years ahead.

This planning ahead is characteristic of the successful business men of to-day and in no direction is it more noticeable than in the erection of office buildings. The numerous fine structures going up in our Canadian cities at the present time are monuments to the foresight and careful attention to detail of Canadian business men. They are not the idea of a moment. They are the carefully thought out conception of years, and the time spent in erecting the buildings is really but a

small fraction of the actual time spent in working out the plans for them.

The story of the erection of the general office building of the Canadian General Electric Co. and the Canada Foundry Co. affords an interesting example of this noteworthy fact.

The building was completed in 1908, but it had its genesis five years before a sod was turned or a brick was laid. Mr. Frederic Nicholls, vice-president and general manager of both companies, believed in the policy of planning well ahead. He purchased the site on which the building now stands in 1903. Then he began gathering together ideas and data for the model office building, which should be erected on the site in due time. He was in no hurry, knowing that the Eternal City set on seven hills was not reared

in twenty-four hours. The old offices of the allied companies were ill lighted, badly ventilated and too limited as to space. Extensions were made from time to time but, at best, they were only a temporary expedient, and the result was unsatisfactory. Permanent remedy lay in a new building of which Mr. Nicholls thought, studied and projected until the object in view literally became part and parcel of the man himself.

Month after month he made an earnest, consistent effort to learn all that he could about building, building materials and supplies, styles of architecture and every modern invention and appliance. He consulted works of reference. He carefully scanned the advertising pages of magazines and trade publications. He read articles in engineering papers, architects' journals and contracting publications. His interest in these problems was neither superficial nor curious. He resolved to master every detail. He wrote for catalogues, pictures, photographs, and plans. Read advertisements and folders, learning all that he could about

the durability, strength and economy of a mass of material, time and labor-saving practices and methods.

Imbued with what he read, all pointers or aids were carefully noted. Any announcements of a new material, or lighting, heating, roofing, or ventilation system, that he thought could be incorporated in the building for his companies were not cast aside, but were preserved and tabulated for future reference.

Men often see things, are impressed at the time and then forget all about them. These are recalled by advertisements and if Mr. Nicholls, in the strain and stress of managing large industries, overlooked any points that he read, numerous booklets and advertising literature recalled them. He followed everything to its legitimate conclusion, investigating its merits and learning from the experience of others. He took the heads of the various departments into his confidence and sought their co-operation and advice. They were asked to prepare a summary of their wants, the space they



THE GENERAL OFFICES



THE GENERAL MANAGER'S PRIVATE OFFICE

required for their staffs, and to draft sketches.

The different branches went unitedly and heartily to work. Interest and attention were soon converted into ardour and enthusiasm. In these rough outlines they were requested to embody any suggestions that would tend to rapidity, comfort, convenience and freedom in work. When this had been done, frequent conferences were held and the fullest interchange of ideas and opinions took place. Naturally there were many alterations and revisions; for a year these conferences went on. Mr. Nicholls' big business family took a personal pride in the proposition and were willing helpers, feeling that their welfare and well-being were one with the management. Harmoniously they labored, yielding a point here and gaining one there, but always with the one end in view—a head office building that would, in every respect, be a model and as near perfection as human means could devise.

At last order had been evolved out of chaos, and the system of evolution had proven so mutually satisfactory, that when the architects were invited to submit plans and specifications, it was known exactly what was wanted. There was a clear, definite conception in mind and, realizing just what was required, it was not difficult to procure it. Everything had been reduced to the minutest particulars in the way of materials, appointments, conveniences and facilities. Accurately apprised of the lines along which they were expected to proceed, it did not take the architects long to complete their work and call for tenders. The result of five years' careful, conscientious planning and preparation was carried out on the principle, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," and today in the executive building are employed nearly two hundred persons, with not a dissatisfied one among the number as to office requirements or working quarters.

Asked, were he to erect another

building, if he could suggest any improvements that might be made on the present one, Mr. Nicholls said, "No, I could not. We have now occupied these quarters over a year and, so comprehensively was everything planned and executed by the architects, the contractors and ourselves, that we have not found it necessary or advisable to alter a single feature. For our needs the structure is perfect—down to the smallest details. Large an undertaking as it was, it was completed within the estimates. We did not have one cent of extras, and our facilities for handling goods are so admirable, that the saving effected has gone a long way toward paying the interest on the entire cost of the building. We ship and receive on an average about eight hundred packages a day, so that you may form some idea of the magnitude of the business done within these walls and the demands made upon the resources of the different departments. The place is lighted from every side. There is plenty of air circulation for our working force, the members of which are not cooped up in offices with partitions extending to the ceiling, and yet everything is private and quiet, no one department interfering with the work of another—all form-

ing, as it were, links in a chain. The outside organizations rendered great assistance to the inside staff, and I believe that for freedom, flexibility and easy communication, as well as economy and adaptation of space to the best possible advantage, not only for our own requirements but those of the public, there is not ground for fault-finding. We have put up a compact, commodious building of dignified appearance, more or less ornate, and at a moderate cost. It is so planned that three more storeys may be added as our business extends, so that we have taken into consideration ample accommodation for the future."

The experience of Mr. Nicholls is that of all business men who build on business principles. The office building of 1915 are simmering to-day in the brains of the industrial leaders of to-morrow. Every here and there will be found far-seeing young men, who are industriously filing away in the recesses of their minds or in the drawers of their filing cabinets, ideas and data, suggested by articles and advertisements, which will be put to good use years hence. Though their businesses may be small now, they have in them the makings of great things a decade hence.

IT IS a mistaken notion that capital alone is necessary to succeed in business. If a man has head and hands suited to his business it will soon procure him capital. My observations through life satisfy me that at least nine-tenths of those most successful in business start in life without any reliance except upon their own heads and hands—hence their own row from the jump.—John Freedley.

Twentieth Century Bank Building

STANDING on one of Montreal's busiest city corners, facing St. James Street and Victoria Square with its trees and fountain, and overlooking the meeting of four great streets, is a massive new building—that of the Eastern Townships Bank. A fine picture it makes in its granite and limestone, and its storey after



EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING IN WHICH THE NEW MONTREAL OFFICE OF THE BUSY MAN'S MAGAZINE IS LOCATED

storey—ten altogether—of office suites. Undoubtedly the building is worthy of the site—and the site is probably one of the finest, if not the finest, in the city. Great business acumen was visible in the selection of the location, and that a good bargain was made is shown from the fact that only a few days after the deal was put through the bank management were offered over \$30,000 more than they had given for the land.

Plain in style, and yet bold in its treatment, the building is a notable addition to the many fine buildings in

the city. It is as high as the local laws of Montreal will allow—130 feet to the top of the cornice—but the bank with a confident eye to the future, arranged for the structure to be built so as to stand six additional storeys, and therefore it is not unlikely that one of these days, when the City of Montreal is less nervous as to sky scrapers, there will be a building of 16 storeys housing the Eastern Townships Bank.

The year just drawing to a close has certainly been a red letter one in the history of the bank. In September of this year it celebrated the 50th anniversary of its conception, and a very fitting event in connection with the same was the taking possession of the magnificent new offices in the building which bears its name.

Probably no financial institution in Canada has shown more marked development, unattended by any spectacular manipulation, than the Eastern Townships Bank. Here has been no gigantic merger consolidating one large interest with another; but a provincial concern at its conception, developing a mighty corporation by solid business principles alone.

The bank was started 50 years ago in the town of Sherbrooke, by Benjamin Pomeroy and other prominent Eastern Townships merchants, who recognised that the growing farming, lumbering, and other producing interests around them demanded the financing and the convenience of a strong bank locally situated. It had then a paid up capital of \$301,400 subscribed for by enterprising citizens of the townships, at a period when there was but little development east of the Richelieu, with no banking facilities, and with very little money in circulation. Now it has a paid up capital of \$3,000,000 held by 1,433 shareholders, with a reserve of \$2,700,000.

In 1901 the bank made its first great step outside of the Eastern Townships, and established itself in the Temple Building, Montreal, from there going to the Metropolitan Building when the former structure fell into the hands of the contractors. Early, however, in the metropolitan life of the bank the management saw that the extent of their trading necessitated a building of their own, and when the present magnificent site on St. James Street and Victoria Square became available a quick purchase gave the directors the chance that they desired, and the present magnificent building followed into which the bank moved during the year.

In these nine years of marked progress not only has the bank established a main and two other offices in Montreal, but an office in Winnipeg, and nearly a dozen offices in Alberta and British Columbia. In the Province of Quebec the bank has more branches than any other similar financial institution, and in some cases more branches than any three others combined, in fact, one-quarter of all the banking offices in the province are operated by the Eastern Townships Bank. At the present day the Eastern Townships Bank has altogether some 87 branches extending in a strong chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The figures for the year ending November 15th are worth scanning, for they show not only the largest profit in the history of the bank, but indicate that its resources and extending of operations have reached a new record. The net earnings were \$390,535 as against a net profit of last year of \$367,111, or 13 per cent. on its capital, enabling the directors to pro-

vide for the usual dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, leaving a balance of \$150,535. The latter, together with the amount brought forward from last year of \$215,305, made the sum of \$365,841 available for distribution. Out of this balance of profit and loss, \$100,000 was added to the reserve fund, bringing that amount to \$2,100,000, or 70 per cent. of the capital of the bank.

The Eastern Townships Bank building for three storeys is of dressed Stanstead granite, and for the remainder of the structure of Indiana limestone, and the whole is surmounted



THE ABOVE ENGRAVED SHOWS THE VALUE OF THE RECENTLY INSTALLED IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING, MONTREAL, BY HERRING HARRIS-MARTIN CO. THIS IS THE NEW MODERN INSTALLATION IN CANADA.

by a handsome copper cornice. Sculptured designs relieve the facade of the building. Entering the gridded mahogany doors, faced by stately pillars, one is struck by the chasteness of the ornamentation of the interior. The banking room proper occupies the greater part of the ground floor. A striking effect is induced by the lavish use of marble, and it can be understood that banking under the circumstances must be particularly pleasant. Of lofty proportions, with ceiling neatly ornamented, the banking room is undeniably handsome in appearance. Pillars and walls are faced

with Botticino marble, while the elaborate display of grillwork in solid bronze, the mahogany doors and trimmings, the up-to-date furnishings, the electric fixtures constructed from special designs, and the general architectural treatment of the rooms, give an effect that is not easily forgotten. The interior equipment of the bank was carried out largely by the Canadian Office & School Furniture Co., Limited, of Preston, Ont. This firm devote almost their entire facilities to bank and office fittings, and have fit-

ing, and the door is of the latest circular pattern. A special elevator carries the books to a vault situated in the first basement. On this floor is also located the clerks' lunch and toilet rooms, stationery rooms, etc., while in the sub-basement are the engine and boiler rooms, and coal cellars. In fact, nothing has been left undone to make the building worthy of the institution.

In the other portion of the building the same careful attention has been paid to every detail, and it is impossible to imagine any suite of offices having greater conveniences. All the corridors and toilet rooms have Italian statuary marble dadoes, and the floors are of mosaic, while the fixtures are handsome, and in keeping with the rest of the establishment.

The three Otis - Fensom elevators are especially worthy of note. They are of the traction type, and have a speed of 600 feet a minute. This is as

fast as any elevator in the United States, and, as can be imagined, little time is lost in traveling from the ground floor to the 10th storey. All the machinery controlling the elevators is situated on the roof. Another great convenience, and one extensively utilized, is the mail chute, which runs the whole height of the building. Every office is especially ventilated, and has hot and cold water laid on. There is also a strong room to every floor, thus saving the expense of a safe. Although

the building is absolutely as fireproof as it can be made, being of steel with terra-cotta floors and partitions, each floor has its hose and reel directly connected with the city pressure.

With so many important firms occupying the various suites of rooms it can be imagined that the building is the scene of much activity. This is also noticeable in the commodious rooms on the 7th floor, occupied by the Montreal branch of the MacLean Publishing Company, whose many

publications, including that of The Busy Man's Magazine, deal so extensively with the great financial, technical and trade interests of the Dominion. The rooms, divided into advertising, editorial and business departments, to facilitate the working of the staff, are fitted up with every convenience for the handling of the large business transacted, and for the dispatch of the live matter that is part and parcel of the publications.

In the executive offices and board rooms are kept the bound files of the papers and other useful and valuable works of reference.

The 10th floor is occupied by the Builders' Exchange. In addition to the different offices of the association, there is a large hall set aside for permanent exhibition purposes. Stands have been taken by firms who are interested in the building trade, and the whole exhibit is not only artistic, but must be a great incentive to business.

The building managers are Gaul &

Ewing, who transact all the business in connection with the letting and management of the various offices. These offices accommodate at the present time about fifty tenants, representing many important commercial interests.

Many favorable comments have been made by visitors to the building with reference to the handsome, genuine bronze work which guards the three elevator shafts and adorns the main counting house of the bank of-



MAIN COUNTING ROOM OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIP BANK

ted up thirteen or fourteen hundred offices in Canada alone during the past few years—a guarantee of their ability to carry out thoroughly the requirements of an up-to-date equipment. They are at present virtually duplicating the work they did here in the Vancouver branch of the same bank. Special consideration has been given to the treasury vault, which is placed on the banking floor, and which is as burglar-proof as hamlet ingenuity can make it. The vault is equipped with a 3-ply heavy chrome steel lin-

It is to your advantage to consult Busy Man's.



MAIN ENTRANCE, FINISHED IN WHITE MARBLE

ice proper. Architectural and ornamental bronze has come to play a very important part in the construction of any modern building. The contract for this work was placed with Messrs. Hutchison & Stuch, a Montreal firm, who enjoy an enviable reputation as manufacturers of this class of goods.

Up to a short time ago this class of work had to be imported from the United States, there being no Canadian firm able to execute a contract in bronze. The way in which the architect's designs have been carried

The advertiser would like to know what you saw the advertisement—tell him.

our compares favorably with the best examples of foreign work. The designs used in the bank building are plain, but neat, and handsomely finished.

In addition to being well lighted by day, ample provision has also been made for artificial lighting in the building, by a special arrangement with the Light, Heat & Power Co.

The contract for these fixtures was placed with McDonald & Willson, manufacturers of electrical fixtures, with headquarters in Toronto, but with a branch office at 99 Drummond Street, Montreal, and also at Winnipeg. The fixtures are plain in design, but neat in finish, a chandelier of three lights, manufactured in the Tungssten style (that is, with straight drop light) and numerous wall brackets, all provided with extra adjustments for attaching desk lights, etc., are supplied in each office. McDonald & Willson are among the leading manufacturers of this line in Canada and have carried out the lighting of several important public buildings in Montreal. Among others, the Sovereign Bank building, the McGill Y. M.C.A. building, Hampton Court apartments and New Sherbrooke apartments.

The Dockworth-Boyer Engineering & Inspection Co., Ltd., inspecting and consulting engineers, who have their office in the Eastern Townships Bank building, make a specialty of the designing and inspection of structural work, tests of materials of construction, cement and reinforced concrete work. Mr. Walter R. Dockworth, who is president and manager of the company, is an old graduate of McGill, and an associate member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers; his past record of twelve consecutive years as chief inspector for the Dominion Bridge Co. ranks him as an expert in this line of engineering. Mr. Aurelien Boyer, a graduate, with honors, of L'Ecole Polytechnique, and an associate member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, vice-president of this company, is one of the

few, some years ago, who had the courage and energy to leave the civil service in Ottawa, where he was occupying one of the best positions as engineer of the Department of Public Works, so as to extend his field of knowledge and acquire more experience. Mr. Boyer, before joining this company, was acting as chemical engineer and superintendent of the works of one of our local industries.

The awarding of the contract for so important a building was naturally no small matter and considerable interest centred in the outcome. When it was announced that the contract had been awarded to Peter Lyall & Sons, it was generally felt that it was in good hands, for this firm's reputation for successfully carrying out of big undertakings goes without question.

Peter Lyall & Sons have probably the largest construction staff in their own employ of any contracting firm in Canada. They have their own yards, occupying 250,000 square feet of land in Westmount, including stone-cutting and marble-cutting shops, also their own factory for interior wood finish, ornamental plaster work, etc. In addition to this they own their own quarries for a great deal of construction stone and marble. In the present instance, they constructed the foundations, cut stone, the marble and tiling, the brick work, terraces, plastering, carpentry, painting and glazing without sub-letting a single item.

Peter Lyall & Sons have been in the contracting business for some thirty years, during which they have carried out many important works. A few of the large contracts which they have at present in hand include the new Technical School, on Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, occupying a whole block; the new Union Station, at Ottawa; the Union Station, at Winnipeg, and the Parliament Buildings, at Regina, Sask. Few contractors would be able to handle all of these important works at one time as Peter Lyall & Sons are now doing, in addition to many other smaller contracts.

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